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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK 315

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
- Mr. Taft's Comprehensiveness 318
- A Pæan in Wool 318
- Tammany and Cannon 319
- New York, Past and Present 320
- The American College and American Culture 321

SPECIAL ARTICLES:
- Suggestions for an Historical Laboratory 322
- Recent German Fiction 323
- News for Bibliophiles 324

CORRESPONDENCE:
- Nature and Science 325
- Democratic Self-Government 326
- Mr. Taft and the Tariff 326
- School-Girls in Shakespeare's Time 327
- The Hypnerotomachia Poliphili 327
- The Club Bindery 327

LITERATURE:
- Conquering the Arctic Ice 327
- The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia 328
- Stradella 329
- True Tilda 329
- The Compact 329
- As It Happened 329
- Old Friends, being Literary Recollections of Other Days 330
- One Irish Summer.—A Holiday in Connemara 330
- An Introduction to Social Psychology 331

NOTES 331

SCIENCE:
- The English Vegetable Garden: Written by Experts 333

DRAMA 334

MUSIC:
- The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do.—Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes 335

ART 336

FINANCE:
- The Rise in Steel Shares 336

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 337

OCTOBER 14th

The Nation

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft's decision that Alaska is not yet fit for self-government came simultaneously with a telegraphic appeal from the leading editors and mayors in Alaska begging him to recommend to Congress an elective legislature for this distant Territory. The President feels, however, that Alaska, because of the shifting character of its population, is not entitled to a Legislature, but he is willing to recommend that it should have the commission form of government, similar to that in the Philippines. This is a singular doctrine from an American President, however wise it may be. Alaska is tired of being ruled by an indifferent Congress thousands of miles away. It believes its whole development retarded thereby. It wants taxation with representation, and now it hears from Mr. Taft that what is good enough for the Filipino we hate and despise, is good enough for its citizens! This will hardly make Mr. Taft any more popular in Alaska. Those who think specifically about the Philippines, feel that it is quite right for them to be governed by an upper house comprised of Presidential appointees. But at least the Filipinos have their lower house. Is Alaska not even to have that? Mr. Hitchcock had better look at once to the Republican delegates from that Territory.

Mr. Bryan, in his present active campaign for rehabilitating the Democratic party and saving the nation, is happy in the possession of a rule that works both ways. When the unity of the Democratic party and the welfare of the nation demand it, he stands ready to castigate and rebuke so prominent a Democrat as Senator Bailey, bearding him in his own State. When Senator Bailey challenges Mr. Bryan to a joint debate, Mr. Bryan finds that the unity of the Democratic party, etc., will suffer when two of its ablest champions start to maul each other. Having set out to elect a Democratic Congress next year, Nebraska's faithful son thinks it unwise to accentuate the unhappy differences of opinion which animate Democrats when they talk on the tariff. Here, then, is a happy solution for an ancient difficulty. If Democrats, when they get together, will persist in fighting, then don't let them get together! Let Bryan at El Paso, San Antonio, and Dallas announce that Bailey is a traitor. Let Bailey at Austin, Fort Worth, and Houston proclaim Bryan a fraud, but let them not advertise Democratic dissension by appearing on the same platform.

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as Dr. Wiley yields an inch in his fight for good food. For the moment, interest shifts from quality to quantity, from honest materials to honest measure. Why, Dr. Wiley asked the food manufacturers recently, does variation in the contents of bag, box, or tin always take the form of shrinkage? If bottles can never be blown into perfectly uniform size, why should the small bottle predominate over the large one? The question occurs: Is the science of practical chemistry unable to predict the exact amount by which butter in tubs or lard in pails is bound to shrink according to circumstance and season? And if such standards can be laid down, why not make it a rule of the trade to allow for the loss beforehand? On this issue, as on that of benzoate of soda, the manufacturers oppose the argument of practical need against Dr. Wiley's idealism. But, after all, experience has shown repeatedly that when once the standard is fixed and insisted upon, practical conditions have a way of adjusting themselves thereto. The factory legislation of three-quarters of a century has been based on the elementary proposition that the business man's right to his profit has definite limitations, and that certain "inevitable" conditions of industry must cease to be inevitable when public weal and fundamental right and wrong are involved.

Mr. Loeb's defence of what has been called his "undressing brigade" will satisfy nobody outside of official circles. If, as he alleges, his victims "seemed to enjoy" the operation of being stripped by customs inspectors, they are taking a curious way of expressing their thanks. In other words, Mr. Loeb would have it that the legal proceedings started are in the nature of blackmail or strike-suits. We believe nothing of the kind, and earnestly hope that the matter will be fought through to the highest court of the land. For we cannot imagine that such a search on mere suspicion is legal. The performance of Mr. Loeb's men would be disgraceful to the country's good name if there were authority for it in law. It is a public scandal, to be endured only because it must be useful in awakening people to the barbaric character of our tariff laws, and particularly of the personal-baggage provision. At present Mr. Loeb is a capital ally of the Free Traders.

It is impossible to deny that the New Jersey primaries last week resulted in a crushing defeat of the "New Idea" Republicans. They won in Hudson County, and carried here and there a ward or a district, but as a whole they were decisively beaten. In Essex County, in particular, where Senator Colby began by scoring his great triumph and making the party management "sit up," the "regulars" were on Tuesday overwhelmingly in the majority. Various explanations are offered, such as the "apathy" of the best citizens, and the absence of many natural Colby voters who went to New York to witness the celebrations, but they do not really explain. General causes must account for so general a defeat; and it has to be admitted that the first impetus of the "New Idea" movement seems to be lost. This is partly because some of the reforms it aimed at have been accomplished, but more because the average citizen has grown weary of the fight, and has substituted indifference for his early enthusiasm. The New Jersey primary system is imperfect, but even the complete form of direct primaries can be, as we have often pointed out, used as skilfully by the professional politicians as the convention system, provided the voters neglect their duty. No sort of political machinery can work out our salvation unless intelligent and vigilant men are there to work it.

Kentucky's Governor comes perilously near falling into the temper of those

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good people who would force the nations to keep the peace even at the cannon's mouth. Gov. Willson's stand against the night-riders has been a manly one. But when he advises the anti-pool tobacco growers to form liberty leagues for the purpose of waging war against the night-riders, he may be fomenting a greater harm than he seeks to cure. The trouble with Kentucky has been a constitutional paralysis of the sense of law. The methods of the vendetta have been introduced into the tobacco business. That very fact is reason enough why the same methods should not be introduced into the business of government. If the only way in which individual liberty and the right of property can be vindicated in Kentucky is by citizens forming themselves into guerrilla bands and potting each other from behind fences, the government of Kentucky might as well go out of business once and for all. If the local authorities and the State militia cannot cope with the situation it is the State's business to set up a police machinery that can. We do not speak of the last remedy, Federal intervention, because we do not believe that the need for such extreme procedure exists. Yet even Federal intervention must be tried before the Governor of a State sanctions a return to the primitive policy of tooth and claw. As Secretary Dickinson declared the other day, the men who founded the commonwealths beyond the Alleghanies would have blushed to see their descendants helpless in the face of disorder and anarchy.

The ten-hour law for women passed by the last Illinois Legislature has been declared unconstitutional by Judge Richard S. Tuthill of the State Circuit Court in Chicago. This has rendered it ineffective until finally passed upon by the highest State courts. The suit which led to the decision was brought by two women employees of a paper-box concern, who swore that if they were restricted to ten hours of labor, they could not earn enough money to support those dependent upon them. The judge held that the law violated the freedom of contract—a ground on which many a similar statute has been opposed. There is an obvious and irreconcilable conflict here between the welfare of women workers and freedom of contract. One can easily see that a demagogic Legislature could take liberties with it in ways seriously to impair the rights of working people and employers as well. But public sentiment has practically decided that in this country as elsewhere the present conditions of overwork are more dangerous than possible future evils. Incidentally, it has shocked people in Illinois to learn from the defence of the employers that one woman has to work eleven or twelve hours a day to earn enough to support herself and a sister in the simplest way, and that after thirty-two years of service, begun when she was only thirteen.

The tide of American emigration into Canada is still at the flood. The somewhat off-hand figures quoted in the press the other day, on the authority of a Canadian official, are probably exaggerated. Seventy-five thousand families gone to Canada in the course of a year would mean a population loss to us of nearly 400,000, which, on the face of it, cannot be true. But, take the 75,000 as the total of American emigration, and it is still an increase over the 60,000 settlers we sent across the border in 1906-1907 and in 1907-1908. This is eloquent commentary on what we have of late days been told concerning the exhaustion of our free domain and the necessity that confronts American agriculture of readjusting its methods to new conditions. We no longer have soil to scratch; the land must be cultivated. But the pioneer spirit is still strong enough in the West to make patient methods irksome to tens of thousands. Hence the lure of virgin soil and free acres in Canada's northwestern provinces. The emigration from the Central West does not mean a repetition of the tragedy of New England's farms. The vacated land in Iowa and Kansas is sold at a profit to other occupiers, who will put into it the labor and skill that new conditions call for. As for the loss of population and wealth by migration to Canada, at bottom the country feels that it is not, in any true sense, a loss.

The refreshing simplicity that characterizes the Wright brothers was not absent from the explanation volunteered by Wilbur Wright of the Cook-Peary difficulty. The newspapers are responsible for the whole thing, in his opinion. They "saw millions in it if they could get up a good row and could aggravate Peary into saying things that would make headlines." It is natural for a man who has accomplished great things in silence and seclusion to feel as Mr. Wright evidently does about the obstreperous commercialism of newspaperdom; but he has hit pretty wide of the mark in this instance. It happens that Peary began making his accusations against Cook before the wicked newspaper men had a chance to get at him, and eagerly employed the wireless telegraph for the purpose while still on the confines of the frozen north. The habit of shifting the burden of any indiscretion or extravagance on the part of a man of standing to the shoulders of the newspapers is general; and an odd feature of it is that those who do so are unconsciously committing the very fault for which they chiefly blame the papers—setting down as a fact what they have not taken the trouble to verify as true. Cases have not been unknown in which an indiscreet utterance ascribed to a man of eminence has been positively acknowledged by him as authentic, and yet his admirers or defenders have persisted in pointing to it as a glaring instance of newspaper fabrication. There is quite as much looseness in people's talk about newspapers as there is in the newspapers' talk about people.

As the time approaches for the House of Lords to receive the Budget from the Commons, indications multiply that they will not, after all, venture to throw it out. It is a plausible rumor which intimates the exertion of a certain influence to that end by the King. He could not wish to see the country torn asunder over a great Constitutional issue. Whatever action the Crown might lawfully take, would assuredly be in the direction of a quiet agreement which would be acceptable to both political parties. Such a "front-bench" understanding seems, indeed, to be forming. It would run on the lines of a bargain by which the Lords should accept the Budget, with whatever grumbling and wry faces, and the Ministry should promise to dissolve and have a general election early next year. That ought to please the Conservatives, eager for the fray as they profess to be; while the Liberals would be better content to

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try their chance while they are popular with the country, rather than to wait for the slow melting of their majority and their prestige. The full text of Mr. Balfour's speech in Birmingham certainly does not bear out the theory that he would urge the Lords to defy the Commons. Almost his sole allusion to the subject was where he referred to the Prime Minister's speech, and said that those who liked it were "the gentlemen who nightly pray that the House of Lords may throw out this Budget, fully determined, if the House of Lords did such a thing, to go about the country denouncing them for their unconstitutional behaviour." The peers who want to fight can get small comfort from that.

It was Mr. Asquith who asked scornfully where English capital would fly to if it were driven out by the new taxes, as the Conservatives charge that it will be. He pointed to Germany, France, Italy, and the United States as eagerly engaged in finding new taxes with which to bear their militaristic burdens or carry out their social programmes. Now, however, he has been answered by a correspondent of the *Spectator*, who quotes the following passage from Price Collier's book, "England and the English":

> I know of not one but several English fortunes, and there are no doubt many more, which have been lodged in Switzerland, where there is no taxation on foreign securities. The books are kept there, the control is there, and this is done on the ground that taxation in England is becoming confiscatory. This means taking the very blood out of the veins of the body politic.

The correspondent approves of this, writing that "men will submit to hardship if it is fair; but no one will willingly submit to injustice." He believes, too, in Macaulay's prediction that "Rome was destroyed by barbarians from without; England will be destroyed by barbarians from within." This may perhaps be true; but at present we do not believe that Switzerland is to be the New Jersey among Continental States, and serve as a refuge for Britain's embattled capital. Unfortunately, money cannot be taken out of enterprises at home very easily, and as long as it stays in companies in England it must pay its share of the taxes. If Switzerland is to be to any extent the adopted land of the free and home of the brave who dare to flee the tax-gatherer, it will take, we believe, a more drastic budget than Lloyd-George's to bring it about.

Fuller details of Minister Millerand's project for the "finishing" of French mining and engineering students by an American tour are furnished by an article in the Paris *Figaro*. The training of French engineering schools is, of course, of the highest intellectual value. The fledgling graduate is a technician not to be despised by the scarred veteran himself. He has studied with zeal the factories, mines, and railways of his own land; sometimes he has made vacation tours in the *outre-Rhin*. But the French Minister of Public Works is persuaded that this is not enough. His engineers must know by more than hearsay what is being accomplished in foreign lands; it is, above all, to America that he would send them. The United States is the land "where industrial activity is prodigious—a country very different from theirs, in methods, customs, commercial procedure, temper, aspect of things. I am persuaded," he says, "that nothing is likely to be more profitable to our engineers than contact with such a civilization." It will be interesting to see how different standards and training may be reconciled. One reads of a railway engine that has for more than sixty years performed its duties on a French road. We do not build such engines here: we cannot, and we would not. In the proposed "Americanization" of the government engineering schools, there is a suggestion that our influence upon Paris is not, after all, confined to the creation of a Luna Park in the Champs Élysées. But it is to be remarked that M. Millerand's plan calls for a visit to the United States only after a severe technical drilling. That being so, good results can hardly fail to follow.

Reports of conflict between Russian and German officials at Harbin turn up with tolerable frequency. Russia's position in Harbin for a long time formed the subject of dispute with China. An arrangement was recently concluded by which the Russo-Chinese Bank surrendered its pretensions to what were virtually sovereign powers, but in turn was confirmed in certain extensive rights arising from its position as legal owner of the land on which the municipality of Harbin is situated. Nevertheless, grounds for difference persist. That it should be the German population of Harbin which is sharpest set against the exercise of Russian authority, lends color to the rumors of Germany's diplomatic designs in the Far East, centring about a policy of friendship with Japan to the ultimate undoing of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Now, though Harbin lies far outside of the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria, it is natural enough that, in the affairs of the Far East as a whole, pro-Japanese should also mean anti-Russian. The Czar's government has lately given signs of its old hypnotic power over Chinese officialdom. Peking seems to have forgotten Russian injuries of five years ago, in its resentment at Japanese activity to-day. With the Stolypin Ministry working feverishly at the building up of Siberia, it cannot be many years before the Russian menace, as Japan views it, will be once more a reality. In the circumstances, German cooperation might be greatly relished at Tokio.

China reformed or China awakened is easily enough said; but what vast psychological difficulties are involved in a modernized China, is suggested in a picturesque incident recorded by the Peking correspondent of the London *Times*. Yung Lin, a Manchu official of low rank but exceptional literary gifts, recently addressed a memorial to the Regent on the unhappy condition of the Empire, and then committed suicide. This "wearer of the eighth button, possessor of a brevet appointment at the Hunting Park, and deputy ranger at the Summer Palace," was fully aware of the perils that beset the new régime. He saw incompetent officialdom wasting the resources of the empire. He saw the foreigner grasping at the nation's wealth. He saw the danger of domestic rebellion and aggression from without. And so, enumerating four principal reasons for shedding bitter tears and forcing himself into utterance, he prostrates himself reverently, memorial in hand, embodying "a fool's single successful inspiration." Which done, he decided on death, because he was aware that the law punishes him who speaks of what concerns him not. An enlightened patriot, as his words show him to be, working for reform by the traditional method of suicide—this shows the chaos of new and old connoted by the new China.

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MR. TAFT'S COMPREHENSIVENESS.

The President's speech last week on "Conservation"—that finely vague thing which we all believe in, each of us reserving the right to say what it means—dealt with the last large subject on which he was expected to address his fellow-citizens during his present tour. He has spoken on judicial reform, on the tariff, on the amendment of the anti-Trust laws, on taxation, and now on the preservation of our natural resources and on the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation. What is the net impression one gets from this series of speeches? What clue do they give us to Mr. Taft's method and intentions?

As a public orator, the President has kept to the safe level on which he has long stood before the country. He shuns the sensational. In neither epigrams nor firebrands do his speeches abound. No one any longer expects him to drink up the Mississippi or set the prairies on fire. His way is, rather, that of the judge, writing with a somewhat heavily-moving pen careful summaries, which his immediate audience, under the impression of his winning personality, may have found interesting, but which, in cold type, do not stir the reader. This of itself is no bad thing. The country is ready, by contrast, to take considerable satisfaction and comfort in a President who is not an exciting orator. A speech which is low in rhetorical values leaves, at any rate, other values undisturbed. If that land is to be accounted happy whose annals are dull, something is to be said for Presidential addresses which do not set people by the ears. But while duly thankful for these mercies, we cannot help missing in these latest utterances of Mr. Taft something of that forthright courage and vigorous initiative which he gave us, for example, in his famous Ohio speech against Boss Cox, or in his plain-speaking address to the Southern Republicans, or his frank deliverance in Maine against the Dingley tariff. His "later manner," as the art-critics say, inclines to the comprehensive instead of the forcible. He seeks to embrace different views, and even, sometimes, to reconcile contradictories.

Signs of such a desire to be all-inclusive appeared in what he had to say about the tariff, as also in his discussion of the labor boycott in relation to the law against restraint of trade; but it is his speech at Spokane on conservation which best exhibits this working of the President's mind. A pretty violent controversy has been raging on that subject, in the West and elsewhere, and Mr. Taft develops agreement with both sides. He stoutly upholds Secretary Ballinger, but he also urgently requests Chief-Forester Pinchot to remain in the government service. Pinchot and Ballinger will not speak to each other, but the President folds them both to his capacious breast. He is heartily for the Roosevelt policies in respect of forests and mines and water-power, yet he insists that Congress has much to do in order to make them legal. Mr. Taft is rigidly for economy, but favors the issue of $10,000,000 in bonds to provide money immediately for the completion of work which the reclamation service rashly undertook, and has not the funds to finish. It is unnecessary to adduce other illustrations. The evidence is pretty clear that the President is hoping to bring in not simply an "era of good feeling," but a time when sharply differing public policies may lie down together peacefully like the millennial lamb and the lion.

It must be left to time to decide whether President Taft will be able, with his large good-nature, to make two walk together who are not agreed. To date, he has had much success in leading warring minds to agree at least in liking him, and in wishing his Administration the best things. But facts remain as ugly as ever, and political differences, based on principle, are hard to compose. Men may admire and applaud their President, without abandoning the policies and the causes in which, in their heart of hearts, they believe, and for which they are ready to fight. There are no indications, for example, that Mr. Taft's tariff speech at Winona, intended, no doubt, to be conciliatory, and to put an end to agitation, has had any real or permanent effect in laying that controversy. It remains an irrepressible conflict. As an excellent authority on Western feeling writes to us privately, the President's speech "did not make a dent" in the Western sentiment for tariff revision.

The President seems deliberately to have chosen to be all amiability and conciliation, on this long journey of his among the people. It is a rôle which he is eminently fitted to play. No kinder man or simpler democrat ever held his great office. But it would be a mistake to suppose that his smiling good nature is flabbiness; that he cannot be hard and stern, on occasion; or that he will not be immovable when an issue of sheer right and wrong is presented to him. Ask ex-Congressman Littauer about that! And it is inevitable, in the coming months, when popular ovations are over, and the hard work of administration and legislation presses upon the President, that he will be compelled to take sides strongly, and to make men feel the energy and determination that lie behind his affable manners. It cannot be said of President Taft, as it has been of Lord Rosebery, that he is a statesman who "desires the palm without the dust"; and he must know that he cannot come triumphant through the dust of future political struggles without displaying deep and unshakable convictions and an invincible purpose.

A PÆAN IN WOOL.

The September *Bulletin* of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers rejoices openly and loudly over the booty with which its owners made off in the Payne-Aldrich bill. Its review of the steps taken to prevent any reduction in the most oppressive and unjustifiable duties in the whole range of our protective tariff, shows plainly how the trick was done. The chief agent of the tricksters was Senator Aldrich, whom the *Bulletin* covers with fulsome praise. In a separate article entitled "Where Honor is Due," it lauds him for his "sagacity and finesse as a consummate manager of legislation," and declares that "the unmistakable figure" who "will be best and longest remembered" for having resisted reductions in the woollen schedule—and so, we add, for having made the lot of the poor harder, and swelled the ravages of tuberculosis—is "the great senior Senator from Rhode Island." He scored a victory for the woollen manufacturers because, as the *Bulletin* innocently says, he "managed to take counsel with the men best equipped to speak for the actual conditions." In other words, the woollen manufacturers "saw" Aldrich, and he did the rest.

This pæan of the wool manufacturers

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was composed, of course, before President Taft spoke at Winona on the tariff. If he had been able previously to read this unblushing account of the way in which the demands of the consuming public were denied, he might have phrased parts of his speech differently. He would scarcely have said so gravely, for example, that Aldrich "found" the opposition of Republicans so strong that he had to abandon the attempt to reduce the woollen duties. Having first created that opposition, the Senator naturally "found" it when he looked for it. But even as the case stands, the Republican *Bulletin* puts itself unconsciously and ludicrously in antagonism to the Republican President. It glories in the schedules, as enacted, asserting that they are a perfect model of protective legislation, and that no one sought to have them reduced except Democrats, "frothy insurgents," and people who "were regularly drawing the ammunition for their attacks from the hostile European manufacturing and importing interests." If this be so, then Mr. Taft must come under one or another of the above classifications, for at Winona he said squarely:

> With respect to the wool schedule, I agree that it is too high, and that it ought to have been reduced, and that it probably represents considerably more than the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production here. The difficulty about the woollen schedule is that there were two contending factions early in the history of the Republican tariff, to wit, wool-growers and the wool manufacturers; and that finally many years ago they settled on a basis by which wool in the grease should have eleven cents a pound, and by which allowance should be made in the shrinkage in the differential upon wool manufactures. The percentage of duty was very heavy—quite beyond the difference in the cost of production, which was not then regarded as a necessary or proper limitation on protective duties. . . .
>
> It is the one important defect in the present Payne tariff bill, and in the performance of the promise of the platform to reduce rates to a difference in the cost of production with reasonable profit to the manufacturer.

Though the *Bulletin* could hardly have foreseen this utterance by the President, it arrayed itself in advance against his idea that tariff duties ought to be scaled to the difference in cost of production at home and abroad. For itself, it sighs for the splendid and patriotic spirit in which the Dingley bill was framed. The people, at that time, "were in no mood to measure the amount of protection by a microscope, nor were they at all disposed to be anxious lest some particular rate might give the American some undue advantage over the foreign manufacturer. They were very frankly willing that the American should have the benefit of the doubt." It was in this sense that the President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Mr. Whitman, informed the Ways and Means Committee that "comparative costs of production in the United States and foreign countries" were "unobtainable." The subject did not interest him.

This same Mr. Whitman, it will be remembered, is the gentleman who was exposed, last year, as having secretly manipulated the woollen schedules of the Dingley bill so that, indeed, a "particular rate" might give "undue advantage" to himself. Our readers can scarcely have forgotten his famous telegram to S. N. D. North, then conveniently a clerk to the Finance Committee, as well as secretary of the Wool Manufacturers. Mr. Whitman displayed no false modesty in then telegraphing:

> Of course, Messrs. Aldrich and Dingley will do all they can, but I depend upon your letting them know what I need. I depend upon you. Dress goods, yarns, and tops.

As is well known, this appeal led to a tricky duty upon tops and yarns, designed adroitly for Mr. Whitman's private benefit. What has become of that "particular rate" of his in the Payne-Aldrich bill? The *Bulletin* tells us with a grace of evasion which all must admire. The Whitman duty on tops was too nauseous for even Aldrich's strong stomach. Its revision was one of the three minor changes made this year in the Dingley woollen schedules. Says the *Bulletin*, elegantly, the new and separate duty on tops, abolishing the old Whitman fraud, "bears a proper symmetrical relation to the whole plan" of woollen duties. That is to say, Mr. Whitman had been getting more plunder than "symmetry" allowed, and has been forced to give up a part of it.

Tariff reformers ought to reprint this official glorification of protection for wool and woollens, as being really the most effective attack that could possibly be made upon the whole system. When men who have, by subterranean political stratagems, secured the legal right to exact the uttermost farthing from those who buy clothes, when such men come out in public to gloat over the spoil which they now have to divide among themselves, there needs no further proof that something is rotten.

TAMMANY AND CANNON.

It is a scandal of national proportions of which Congressman Parsons has now forced public discussion. Privately, the thing has long been whispered about. No one of the responsibility of Mr. Parsons, however, had openly declared, as he did on Saturday, that a political plot involved Speaker Cannon, and up-State Republican leaders of New York, and Tammany Hall. The assertion is both more sweeping and more specific than previous versions of the story. It was known that Cannon and his lieutenants in the House had secured the votes of 23 Democrats, eight of them from New York city, in the desperate effort to maintain the regular organization of the House against the "insurgent" Republicans acting with the bulk of the Democrats. Secret bargaining was naturally suspected and even charged openly. Such political alliances always have their *quid pro quo*. One of the considerations, hinted then and since, was an agreement by which Tammany Democrats should vote with Cannon on condition that New York city Republicans would not fuse against Tammany this year. But Mr. Parsons goes far beyond that. He alleges a compact extending to legislation at Albany. As a part of the payment which Tammany got from Cannon, through the Republican up-State go-betweens, the bill to make Tammany election frauds more difficult was killed, as was also the amendment to the public-service law bringing the telegraph and telephone companies under governmental control.

In brief, Congressman Parsons alleges one of the wickedest political agreements ever made. It involved a tacit understanding and working together for mutual benefit between Tammany and the Republican majority in the Senate at Albany. And now State Senator Raines comes out in a burst of virtuous indignation at the very idea of such an alliance. To his pure mind, the thing is unthinkable. But the records exist, and memory remains. In sorrowful fact, the active coöperation between Tammany and the Republicans, between

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Grady and Raines, was notorious all through the closing weeks of the last session of the State Legislature. The affair was so open that newspaper correspondents freely commented upon it. At least one honest Republican Senator, who saw what was going on, publicly denounced the alliance. Why, at times it was difficult to tell who was the real leader of the Senate, Raines or Grady. They played into each other's hand perfectly, and on more than one occasion the Tammany Senator actually took charge of pending legislation. In all this, there is certainly good color for the direct charge which Mr. Parsons now makes.

He has not, as yet, mentioned names, but one of them stands blazoned on the record. We mean, of course, ex-Congressman Littauer. Although not a member of the House, he was one of the most active agents of Cannon in meeting the movement to break the Speaker's power. His services were openly acknowledged by a clause in the tariff, originally drawn for his personal profit. The proposed outrageous duties on gloves had no defence except that of Speaker Cannon, who frankly admitted that they were Littauer's reward for aid given in the House fight. It was on that basis that Mr. Cannon demanded of the President that he should withdraw his opposition to the glove duties. But Mr. Taft replied that, even if those rates were justifiable in themselves, they could not be defended as part of a political bargain, and he would not sign a bill containing them. Since then, Mr. Littauer has been going about as one robbed of his lawful booty. Now, what was the nature of the service he rendered the Speaker? It could not have been merely the lending of his persuasive powers with former associates. It is not probable that Riordan and Goldfogle and Goulden and the other Tammany Democrats voted with Cannon simply for the sake of Mr. Littauer's *beaux yeux*. Who so likely as he to have been the negotiator of the deal between the up-State Republicans and Tammany, of which Mr. Parsons now speaks so boldly? A fine type of the scholar in politics, Mr. Littauer has applied his Harvard culture to the sharpening of his practical intelligence, until few can surpass him in the art of legislating money into his purse by means of a tariff-clause, or in understanding the subtleties of machine management.

If he, given all the circumstances, is strongly "indicated," others must also have been engaged in the nefarious plot which Mr. Parsons has disclosed. Their names, too, ought to be given to the public. We can always centre popular indignation better about a personality than an abstraction, about conspirators better than a conspiracy. When Mr. Parsons gets ready to meet those who are now challenging his veracity, we hope that he will omit no detail and keep back no name. His immediate object, we presume, was to fasten attention upon Tammany's preparations for electoral frauds in the coming city election; but the matter cannot end there. It transcends any question of municipal politics, or even of parties in this State. Tammany may win or lose; the Republican machine may or may not oppose Gov. Hughes; but if legislation at Albany is to be sold to help the party organization in the House of Representatives, if the Speaker at Washington is to license Tammany to commit election crimes, we have an evil that goes deep into our whole public life, and that must be laid bare and cut out at all hazards.

NEW YORK, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is manifestly easier to find the points of difference between New York a hundred years ago and to-day, than the points of resemblance. Adopt the ordinary mathematical method of measuring historic change, and we are pretty sure to fall into thinking that there is no resemblance at all. What can there possibly be in common between the city of 96,000 inhabitants and the city of four and a half millions; the city that lay huddled between the Battery and Canal Street and the Greater New York of to-day; the city that counted its wealth in millions and the one that counts it now in thousands of millions? The spirit of piety leads New Yorkers to speak of their city's cosmopolitan character almost from the beginning; but was the cosmopolitanism of New Amsterdam or of Alexander Hamilton's town really what is meant when they speak of cosmopolitan New York to-day? Are the ties that bind the city to its past sentimental entirely, or does present-day New York still stand to the city of one hundred years ago as the tree to the twig, as the man to the child? Of New York State's population of 315,000 in 1790, nearly 260,000 were of English speech and 50,000 were Dutch. The French, Germans, Hebrews, and all others counted a little over 5,000. Assume that the minor nationalities were concentrated on Manhattan Island, and you still have nothing that even forecasts the vast non-English population of the present day. To those who saw the racial contours of the men that marched before and behind the floats in the Hudson-Fulton pageant last week, it must have seemed that, while the language and the flag are the same, everything else has changed.

To tie up the present to the past there is the well-worn formula that modern New York is foreign in aspect but American in thought and aspirations. How else can it preserve its historic pride? Let a man walk through that amazing East Side, where the spoken tongue of one hundred years ago is scarcely heard; cross the bridge which, in spite of its mile and a half length and $16,000,000 cost, is as completely Semitic as any wooden pathway in the Jewish parishes of the Russian Pale, he will find, nevertheless, in the orderliness of the crowd, in a certain carriage of the body that speaks the consciousness of freedom and power, the trait that we call American, or American in the making. Let a man walk down First Avenue from the Harlem to the newest bridge; let him see the nations juxtaposed like layers in a cake, Italian, Jewish, German, Slav, Irish, and German again; but even there he will pick out the school buildings and the public squares as evidence that over the diverse elements broods a definite unity. To the satirist who points out that New York's politics are dominated by the Irish, her commerce by the Jews, her rough labor markets by the Slavs and the Italians, it may be enough to reply that just such an arrangement is what is called for by the American idea in its truest sense. In essence the strangers in the city's gates are all Americans now; in appearance, they are bound to become so in the course of time.

Yet that is really giving away more than the case demands. The city's cosmopolitan aspect leads one, as a matter of fact, to underestimate the importance

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of what has been described as the American colony in New York. Add to the old Knickerbocker descent the recruits of native stock from the immediate hinterland and from the West and South, and the older elements of population are far from a negligible quantity in New York. The early American impetus is still quite manifest, in the social aspects of the city's life first perhaps, but in every other field as well. Not all its financial transactions are in the hands of new Americans, not all its trade is carried on by Germans and Jews, not even all its democratic institutions are manipulated by the Irish. In the universities, in the clubs, in the great business offices where the affairs of an entire nation are transacted, the native stock has an ample sphere. The cause of good government has received loyal service from men of long cis-Atlantic ancestry. The prestige of birth has by no means vanished, and, strange to say, not even from politics, where brute mass alone is supposed to count. In moments of political crisis a goodly number of leaders and candidates, conservative, radical, or demagogue, have been men well-rooted in American soil.

New York to-day is, therefore, closer in body to the city of one hundred years ago than might be superficially supposed. Accepting that, the New Yorker is quite free to admit the strength of the argument from spirit and ideals. As long as the metropolis is true to the essentials of democracy, it cannot be stripped of its American character. On the surface, New York is less American than Philadelphia, or even Boston. But it is more American than many a city less tinged with Europe, in its restiveness under misgovernment, in its dealing with large problems in a large though frequently in a blundering way, and even in its assumption, so irritating to its neighbors, that it is about the only thing on the continent that counts.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AND AMERICAN CULTURE.

Two articles that appear in the current number of *Science* testify to the prominence in the public mind of fundamental questions relating to college education. The first is the address of Dr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, as chairman of Section L of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on "American Standards in Education and the World-Standard." This is, in the main, an historical sketch of the remarkable movement, or rather group of movements, toward the securing of something like uniform standards of college and university work. It is clear from Dr. Brown's survey that the desire to get rid of the anarchic conditions of two decades ago has been both widespread and earnest; and that the time when A.B. might mean anything or nothing, and when an M.D. might be either a country bumpkin who had been shoved through a two years' medical course or a scientifically trained physician, is rapidly drawing to a close.

Incidentally, the story of the movement offers a lesson in the possibilities of voluntary effort as a substitute for governmental regulation; and it is an interesting subject of speculation to consider whether higher education in our country would have been better served by a forced standardization, emanating from the State and national governments, than they have been by that irregular effort which, feeling its way from time to time, has slowly but surely effected organization. The final point of Dr. Brown's address is the need of an international understanding of such character that scholastic credentials given in one country may have a value easily ascertainable throughout the modern world, and thus pass current in foreign lands. That there may be value in some approach to such an agreement is likely; but its usefulness, we fancy, may easily be exaggerated, while its disadvantages—which Dr. Brown does not ignore—are certainly serious. And, indeed, organization, if carried out too mechanically, may well deaden the spirit it is designed to aid.

How far from conclusive of the cultural value of college education the mere fact of large organization must be is brought home to the mind by the other article to which we have referred—that of Mr. John Jay Chapman on "The Harvard Classics and Harvard." Mr. Chapman regards the unfortunate five-foot shelf with which the name of Harvard and that of its distinguished ex-president are connected, as exemplifying the whole spirit of our big colleges—their insatiable desire for more students and more funds, their readiness to resort to the same methods as those by which hustling business men promote their enterprises, their forgetfulness of the nigher and finer aims of learning in the mere perfecting of mechanical means. Whether the incident of the Harvard Classics furnishes solid basis for such an accusation or not, other grounds are sufficient to arrest attention. Most of our big colleges and universities have drifted into the adoption of methods that are too suggestive of the "drummer" and the advertising man. Mr. Chapman softens his blow so far as Harvard is concerned by expressing his belief that she is among the least of the offenders—that she is "morally and intellectually in advance of the other American colleges"; the force of the remark being somewhat weakened, however, by references which indicate that it is rather her past than her present he has in mind. In any case, he implores her to abandon the ambition to be the largest college, and bids her be content to remain the largest influence in the college life of America. "On the day after she had turned her face in this direction," he says, "there would be an improvement in spirit in every university in the country."

When President Eliot made the remark out of which the business of the Harvard Classics grew, he doubtless had nothing in mind but putting in the form of a brief and not too careful statement an idea which, properly understood and properly qualified, it would be desirable to disseminate. That the spirit of true learning can be got rather by real assimilation of a few great thoughts and appreciation of a few great literary works than by any amount of lifeless instruction, is possibly something like what a man of culture might mean if he spoke of a five-foot shelf of books as capable of providing the essentials of a liberal education. But to give the multitude to understand that fifteen minutes a day solemnly applied to the task of working off the set of books, inch by inch, will transform anybody into a man of liberal education, is to turn the whole idea of our colleges into ridicule; and a final touch of grotesqueness is added when the five-foot shelf, instead of being vaguely indicated or left to the imagination, is expressly prescribed, and arrangements duly made to supply it, the same for all comers, through the familiar machinery of the subscription coupon. Such a scheme savors of that purely quantitative ideal

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and, we may add, that itch for advertising, which are the disagreeable features of mechanical organization.

It is the failure of President Eliot to see this aspect of the matter that is by far the most deplorable feature of the case. This does not mean that a Lincoln may not get an effectual education out of his Bible and his Bunyan and his Æsop, read by the firelight in his cabin with consuming devotion and earnestness; it does mean that nobody will ever devise a prescription of which a *quantum sufficit* will take the place of the true love and tradition of culture. Among the "problems of the college" there is none more vital than that of retaining the distinctive ideal for which, however they may have varied as to means, the best of American colleges have always stood; and if to belie that ideal is to do a great hurt to the cause of the higher education, this affair of the Harvard Classics must be regarded as nothing less than a misfortune.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN HISTORICAL LABORATORY.

It would seem to be a truism that the facilities which are to be regarded as indispensable to the proper study of a subject, and which ought, therefore, to be provided as a matter of course, should, like the methods of teaching, be determined by the nature of the subject, or, in other words, by the kind of material with which it has to deal; but the disparity in the equipment of the various departments of study and research commonly to be observed in even the best and richest American colleges and universities seems to indicate that, so far at least as the so-called "humanities" are concerned, little provision of appliances, save modest shelter from the weather and seats enough for the class, is generally thought absolutely necessary.

No one who knows at close range the "plant" of a typical American university will be at a loss for striking and even painful illustrations of the unequal distribution of material equipment. Broadly speaking, the departments of physical and natural science and engineering do not seriously lack the primary facilities which the nature of their work demands. Upon these departments, in the last twenty years, the wealth of the State and of individuals has been poured out like water, while more than one institution, spurred by a demand for "practicality" and "efficiency," has gone to the length of drawing upon its capital to supply what was wanting. Our institutions of learning abound in well-contrived laboratory buildings for physics, chemistry, biology, and engineering, containing not only lecture rooms for the various instructors and laboratories for students elementary and advanced, but also private laboratories and offices for the professors, exhibition and photographic rooms, libraries, lockers, and other special apartments. The rooms themselves are commonly well supplied with apparatus and material, distributed and apportioned according to the number of students and investigators, and increased by regular appropriation, and as a matter of course, as the number of users grows. There is usually a special janitor or caretaker for the building, and often one or more skilled persons regularly employed in making or repairing apparatus, preparing or caring for specimens or stock, and the like. It has long been a matter of common observation that the cost of maintaining the scientific departments of a university, or even of a small college, is out of all proportion to the cost of the other departments of instruction, that it is met by governing boards with comparative readiness, and that it is often afforded, it must bluntly be said, at the cost of deplorable and systematic niggardliness in other directions. Other things being equal, no scientist to-day would consider for a moment a call to an institution which could not afford him all of these things, nor would the scientific world reckon the instruction of an institution not so equipped as worth while.

When, however, we turn to those other departments of study still graciously referred to as the "humanities," departments which older graduates and commencement orators still tell us embrace the subjects of the deepest human interest, the disparity in material equipment is commonly so great as to be almost ludicrous. Who, of the thousands that yearly are driven or besought to drink deep at the wells of literature, or history, or philosophy, in our American colleges or universities, can fail to recall the desolate class-rooms, their bare and dingy walls relieved at the most by a few old maps, or a faded photograph or two in heavy wooden frames, the floors swept once a week and washed once a term, the hand-carved chairs and benches, the chalk-dusted platform and desk, and the foul air, which, in the majority of such institutions, enshrine the daily life of academic culture? Where the teacher of science is freely accorded a lecture room for his department alone, the teacher of language, history, or economics must, as a rule, share his quarters, poor as they are, with those of his colleagues whose principal apparatus is books, and must vacate his room promptly to make way for another class at the next hour. Many a high school does better for its teachers than this; indeed, the best of our modern high schools, bearing in mind the grade of their work, offer almost infinitely superior facilities for work in these departments than does the average college or university.

Widespread and depressing as this condition is, in general, in all of the departments named, the particular illustration which I wish to use at this time is that afforded by history and the related subjects of political and social science and political economy. Applying the test that the equipment of a department should be determined by the nature of the material with which the department deals, it is obvious that we have here a subject in which printed matter of a variety of forms, manuscripts, maps and charts, pictures and casts, and actual historical objects or reproductions, form the material basis for the student's work. Where the chemist uses books and apparatus, the historical student uses books and other material as apparatus. For the modern study of history, even of the elementary sort, one must be enabled to examine not only single books, such as may be got from a library and perused at leisure in one's home, but also extended sets and collections of books and papers, and this under conditions which will admit of comparison and note-taking and the use of the volumes in the actual work of the class-room. For the preparation of maps and charts, facilities in the way of tables and instruments are required entirely beyond what the student can fairly be expected to have in his own room; while especially is there need of abundant space for the permanent display of wall-maps, charts, pictures, and illustrative material, like coins, casts, and models, if the active use of such aids is to be secured.

Acquaintance with a considerable number of colleges and universities, large and small, in this country fails to disclose any appreciable number in which the material equipment of the historical department has passed much beyond the stage of crude beginnings. With exceptions so few as almost to be counted on the fingers, the most generous provision, always excepting the general library of the institution, goes no further than the use, prevailingly in conjunction with other unrelated departments, of one or more lecture-rooms; a "seminary room," furnished with a table and some chairs, and housing such odds and ends of books as the industry of the instructors or the intermittent generosity of friends has got together, reënforced by loans from the main library; and possibly an office, frequently shared by all the members of the department, where students may come for consultation. If, as seems rarely to be the case, the department has any adequate supply of maps, they have often to be kept in some out-of-the-way place,

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and carried about from room to room as needed; and almost never are there tables and instruments for the drawing of maps and charts. Meagre as is such equipment, some of our leading institutions do not have even this. If it be true, as it seems to be, that student interest, particularly among men, in literature, history, and philosophy has declined markedly in recent years, may not something of the cause be found, not in the inherently greater attractiveness of mixing chemicals or dissecting cats and birds, but in the utter poverty and bareness of the quarters in which students of the humanities are commonly asked to do their work? If professors of history have fallen too much into the habit of lecturing, instead of teaching, may it not be due in part to the failure of the university to give even the ablest of them facilities for doing anything else?

I venture to suggest the following as the minimum equipment of an historical department in a university or large college. First, two or more suitable lecture-rooms, with ample blackboard space, map racks or cases, book shelves, and a lantern and screen. The rooms should be contiguous to the other rooms of the department and reserved exclusively for its uses. It is time that there were opportunity for a professor to put up a map without having to take it down again at the end of the hour. Second, a combined seminary room and library, available for study when not in use as a class-room; equipped, like the lecture-room, with adequate blackboard and map space, and housing a permanent library of duplicates reënforced by such temporary loans from the main library as are from time to time needed. Included in the furnishings of the room should be a sufficient number of small tables to accommodate each individual student, and file cases for photographs, cards, newspaper clippings, and temporary notes. For the supervision of this room, there should be provided a special attendant, preferably a trained library assistant, responsible to the librarian of the university as well as to the head of the department. Third, a room for map drawing and chart-making, with tables and instruments for draughting. Fourth, a typewriting room, supplied with machines for the use of instructors and students. Fifth, private offices or studies for the instructors.

Elaborate as such a provision of apartments may well seem to the teacher who to-day, like the wandering scholar of the middle ages, lectures wherever he can find a vacant room, it nevertheless is smaller than that generally allowed to the chemist or physicist. Of all the evils which present-day criticism of the college has brought to light, none is more serious than the evil of waste. The history teacher who, under the conditions common to most American institutions of higher learning, should teach his subject as he would like to teach it and as he knows it ought to be taught, would spend in useless mechanical drudgery more hours than he spent in lecturing. Most institutions with endowment enough to entitle them to a place on the "Carnegie list" have ceased to expect this waste from professors of science, and there is no reason why the time of the professor of history, political science, or political economy should not be regarded as equally valuable. If, under the influence of a general demand for at least the minimum of what is due, the governing authorities of all our universities could even be brought to realize that a ground plan of the city of Rome and a Rand-McNally map of North America are not a sufficient equipment for the teaching of modern history and diplomacy, one might face the future with a new hope.

Of the many advantages to the teaching and study of history which might be expected to accrue from the general provision of such facilities as have here been indicated—economy of physical effort, more accurate study of texts, improved note-taking and care of material, wider use of books and illustrative helps, general compulsory map-drawing, and many others—one in particular deserves more than passing mention. I refer to the change which would thereby be furthered in the prevailing conception of the nature and function of the university library. With only the exceptions that prove the rule, our libraries are supported and administered on the assumption that one copy of a book is sufficient for the needs of the whole institution, and that every one who has occasion to use the book must seek it at the main or central repository. It would seem to be obvious, however, that wherever books form the fundamental material for study, and, from the nature of the case, cheap reprints of selected texts or a few duplicates of inexpensive volumes will not suffice, the library has need of as many copies of a book as there are departments to use it; and that if, with but a single copy available, resort must be had by every one to the central library, the conflicting and often irreconcilable demands of different departments present one of the most serious barriers to the development of proper methods of instruction in non-laboratory subjects. No modern department of biology is asked to get along with one microscope, and that, perhaps, of ancient pattern and in bad order. Scientific apparatus in all lines is freely duplicated as a matter of course, the adequacy of the supply being not seldom used as an advertising argument to attract students; though, as a matter of fact, there is but little greater need for duplicate apparatus than there is for duplicate books. Practical considerations, of course, will preclude extensive duplication of large or costly sets, but a multiplication of copies far beyond what is now usual, and their distribution among the various departments having constant need of them, are necessities to be met if waste is to be stopped.

I hope that I do not make the mistake of supposing that, given such historical laboratories as have here been briefly described, the universities would forthwith produce historians. I make no plea for the application of the specific methods of any science to the study of history. But the student of history, like the scientist, has to collect and classify his material, examine and criticise his sources, compare and weigh his authorities, and study his *locale*. What a proper equipment can give him is, not the intellectual power and insight of the great historical writer, but the opportunity to do a student's indispensable work under the best conditions and with effective guidance, instead of doing it, as is too often the case to-day, under conditions of great disadvantage. That provision of such equipment would also stir the teacher to a more telling presentation of a subject to his class, and enable him to vitalize and dignify a department which, in this country especially, is too often thought of as but little related to current human interests, is not the least of its advantages.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.
Brown University.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The summer fiction has been below the average in quality. Comparatively new authors grapple with vital problems and crowd between the covers of their books a variety of more or less timely questions, but their achievements are not in proportion to their endeavors. Such a work is a novel in two volumes, "Verklärung," by Fritz Oswald Bilse (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin), who, by the way, is not the ex-lieutenant of the little German garrison, whose revelations some years ago were followed by a flood of anti-military fiction, but a gentleman, who, under the name "Fritz Wernthal," has recently attracted attention by a novel of tramp-life. There are plenty of psychological studies, too, either hopelessly commonplace in subject-matter, or devoted to some repulsive psychopathic problem, such as Stefan Vacano's "Sündige Seligkeit" (F. Fontane & Co.), which, being founded on fact, may have a place in medical literature, but is certainly out of place in fiction.

Among a score of works of questionable value and pleasure to the reader only a few are distinguished by originality of incident or character, or by their literary workmanship. Of these, "Die Rache der Heimat," by Hans

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Ebhardt (F. Fontane & Co.), deserves to be ranked high. The author, whose previous work, "Von indischen Tagen und Nächten," was the product of his experiences in India, and especially in the German colonies, has chosen for his hero a man who left the fatherland in his youth and returns in his ripe manhood, with little money, debilitated by malaria, and burdened with a foreign wife. Barred by his sensitive temperament and scrupulous conscience from successfully engaging in the scramble for wealth, he forms a strong contrast with his three brothers, practical, prosperous business men of the type to be met in every large city of North Germany. To them he is the fool who has lost opportunities and thrown away chances, like their father. Even the invalid mother is disappointed in her favorite son, whose letters had been the mainstay of her life. Nor is the wife, whose Malay blood sometimes overrules her Dutch ancestry, a welcome addition to the family already far from harmonious. This tragedy of the prodigal who suddenly awakens from the dreams of home and fatherland to find the familiar scenes of his childhood effaced in the course of the city's growth, to see that his beloved fellow-countrymen have become hard, grasping, and coarse-grained, that the "Deutsche Gemüt" is a phrase existing only in song, and that he is a stranger even to those of his own blood, has been set forth by the author in a series of events logically evolved out of the hero's efforts to begin a new life and to adapt himself to the changed standards and conditions. He loses everything that tied him to the foreign world from which he had come: his children die, his wife deserts him, and at the end he is about to leave again the city of his birth, this time not as her son, but as a stranger she had failed to welcome. Yet through all vicissitudes, he has remained at heart himself, and has not compromised with the elastic morality of his brothers and business associates. This consistent and sympathetic portrait of an idealist type, more frequent in Germany fifty years ago than to-day, is Ebhardt's greatest achievement. The other characters are no less vital, no less convincing, men and women; but the hero is a figure likely to live for some time in the memory of his readers.

Hans Hart has chosen for the background of his novel, "Das heilige Feuer" (L. Staackmann, Leipzig), the struggles of the Clerical and Liberal parties of Austria for supremacy in the higher educational institutions. His canvas is large and the outlines of the narrative are sometimes dimmed by a confusing abundance of incidents and characters. To portray each of the latter with equal skill would have taxed the ability of an author of extraordinary gifts, and though Hart's knowledge of human nature is considerable, he has not always succeeded in materializing the creatures of his imagination. But his work has in it an element of thoroughgoing seriousness and sincerity, which command respect, and a background of actualities, which makes it a book of absorbing interest. The lure of a brilliant career, bought at the sacrifice of truth, honesty, and the better self, is the great temptation in the lives of the men with whom the story is concerned. These ministers of education, rectors of universities, and college professors are men whose success with the students and the intelligent people depends upon the earnestness and firmness of their convictions, while their official and professional advancement depends upon the ease and the cleverness with which they deny their principles whenever the drift of public opinion or the pressure exercised by higher authorities makes it opportune. There is more than a suggestion of recent events—the anti-German, anti-Semitic, and anti-Liberal feeling in certain circles of the empire. Besides these motives of cultural and timely interest, the love element, however germane to the action, seems of minor importance. This *Hochschulroman* conveys a vivid idea of the intellectual fermentation in modern Austria.

Quite a different phase of that country's life is presented by Carl Conte Scapinelli, who could not have chosen a more significant title for his story than the one it bears of "Prater" (L. Staackmann). For while the battles of intellect are fought in the universities, the press, and the theatre, that great promenade of Vienna is the gay and brilliant arena of minor vanities and ambitions. A symbol of the light-hearted, happy-go-lucky temperament of the *Wiener Kind*, it fascinates the foreigner and exercises a mysterious power over the native. In the Prater, the hero of the story has been dreaming his day-dreams. To the Prater, he repairs at every critical moment of his meteoric career; and there he chooses to end his life when the realization of his hopes and ambitions is followed by failure.

Margarete Böhme's "Rheinzauber" (F. Fontane & Co.) is a distinct deviation from the kind of fiction that made her famous. It may mean a return to the manner of her earlier works, which failed to attract the attention accorded to the "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen." It is the story of a family feud which ends when, after three generations, a child brings together the hostile branches, and a flood furnishes the dramatic stage-setting of the reconciliation. These bare facts of the plot seem commonplace; but there is strength in the delineation of the characters, and charm in the general tone of the narrative. The Mannebachs were skilled locksmiths in a town on the Rhine, until one of them invented a process for the manufacture of steel, and the brother robs him of the invention. Both commit suicide—the one from despair at the brother's treachery, the other from remorse. The inventor's heirs remain simple artisans in the little town; the others enjoy their wealth and position. The most striking character in the family is Frau Josefa Meier, who has been nursed and has brought up her children in the old hatred—an active, practical business woman, a strict but conscientious mother, who rules the family with an iron rod.

Hermann Bessemer is a new name, and the story which bears it on the title-page, "Mondnacht in Amalfi" (Albert Langen, Munich), gives little evidence of individuality, though it may possess some merit as a picture of life. A young pianist whose lungs are affected goes to Italy with her friend, who, as soon as she begins to recover, seems bored and neglects her. The Englishman, whose sympathy for the lonely "bride" makes him her faithful companion, is a finely drawn type, though not without a touch of caricature. The ease with which he wins her from the other man, when he discovers their true relation, is somewhat surprising, and the letter in which she announces to her lover her marriage to Eliot, and at the same time assures him of her unchanging affection, is a curious document. The attitude of both is characteristic of the matter-of-fact cynicism of their generation.

Of quite another character is the story by Willy Speyer, "Wie wir einst so glücklich waren" (Albert Langen). It has nothing of the analytical spirit of the time, but a strong psychological element and a warm emotional note. From the solitude of his comfortable but joyless bachelor life the hero looks back to the equally joyless solitude of his college years in a strange city, where natural reserve and difference of rank had built up an invisible barrier between him and his fellow-students. One day he accepts an invitation to a party of young people, and suddenly realizes that his student life alone with his books had made him awkward in manner and unsympathetic. In the protégée of his hostess he meets a fascinating young woman, and his heart stirs with the tender passion of immature youth. There is a refreshing sincerity of sentiment in this simple recollection of youthful love, and its note of sadness is felt to be genuine. The author has the gift of visualization.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1899 J. B. Gilder collected extracts from some of James Russell Lowell's letters written to the Department of State while he was minister to Spain, and published them under the title of "Impressions of Spain." These and other letters were

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first printed—at the Government Printing Office—in "Executive Documents, Foreign Relations," but we believe no list of the volumes containing them has been published. They ought, however, to be included in any extended set of Lowell's works as they are actually the first editions. Lowell reached Madrid August 14, 1877. The following is a list of the volumes, with first and last pages, of "Foreign Relations," which contain letters by him:

1877. Pp. 521-525, three letters, the earliest dated September 27, 1877.
1878. Pp. 764-804, eighteen letters. The selection in Mr. Gilder's book was taken from this volume and the next.
1879. Pp. 935-955, twelve letters. Mr. Lowell was transferred to England and arrived in London on March 7, 1880.
1880. Pp. 887-890, four letters from Madrid, and pp. 479-588, seven letters from London.
1881. Pp. 492-560, thirty-four letters.
1882. Pp. 192-291, sixty-two letters.
1883. Pp. 408-479, twenty-seven letters.
1884. Pp. 214-225, eleven letters.
1885. Pp. 444-449, six letters.

In June, 1885, Lowell returned to America. Extracts from a few of the London letters are printed in Scudder's "Life" but for the most part the one hundred and eighty-four letters enumerated above are uncollected. Many are short, of a few lines only, but others extend to several pages. Replies to his letters, enclosures, and other documents are scattered among the Lowell letters. One of his letters to the Secretary of State, dated London, November 15, 1884, on the subject of "Unclaimed Estates in England," was printed separately, with documents relating to the same subject, as a 16-page pamphlet. There is a copy of this issue in the Boston Public Library.

The Fourth Quarterly Part of Mr. Karslake's "Book-Auction Records," covers the period from June 30 to August 6, 1909, and describes 1,964 lots, besides containing the general index to the volume. The preliminary matter in this part includes a sketch of "Manchester Libraries and Booksellers," by C. W. Sutton, with a view of the interior of the John Rylands Library.

A Catalogue of the Third Dickens Exhibition at the New Dudley Galleries in London, open from August 7 to September 30, has been received. Most of the books were loaned by two London dealers, but a large collection of prints, photographs, and views of places and scenes connected with Dickens's stories belonged to Augustus Ovey. Percy Fitzgerald has supplied an introduction to the catalogue, which contains reproductions of four portraits of Dickens.

On October 11, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will sell a collection of Americana, 341 lots, including books on California, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York, the Indians, Quakers, etc. On October 13, 14, and 15 they sell a portion of the library of Theodore M. Banta of Brooklyn, including about seventy-five lots on genealogy, mostly relating to American families; a collection of books and pamphlets relating to life insurance; local New Jersey and New York history, etc.

On October 15, the Anderson Auction Company offers Americana, including a considerable collection relating to the Indians, American Biography, books on New Hampshire, New Jersey, and New York, an uncut copy of Thomas's "History of Printing in America" (1810), etc.

Correspondence.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A letter-writer in the *Nation* for September 10 concludes that the love of nature for herself is coeval with a comparatively modern estate of science, and makes interesting quotations to illustrate an early lack of appreciation for American scenery. Much the same conclusion is reached by Ruskin in "Modern Painters"; and the public generally seems to have accepted the belief that between our modern temper and the classical attitude toward nature a great distinction is always to be made. The love of nature in her inanimate, elemental, and unhumanized aspects is supposed to be peculiar to Northern romanticism. Eliminate from the art and literature of the North its factor of grotesque imagination, call Shakespeare and Leonardo and Rembrandt pioneers of the scientific and concrete as against the symbolic and abstract imagery of nature, and the case for pure naturalism as a comparatively recent mode in the arts seems a pretty good one. But does it not prove over much?

To my thinking, the opposition between modern and classical types of landscape is somewhat forced, resting as it does upon the fallacy that nature conceived of as apart from man may have an especial dignity and significance in art. The fact that not a single technically independent landscape of purely objective inspiration exists in classic Italian painting is, for instance, supposed to prove that the Italian love of nature was limited to the mere vegetative mood, and that the elemental phenomena had no appeal except in some human relation. I hope, however, by one or two illustrations from Italian landscape painting, abundantly to indicate an appreciation of the most pregnant elemental meanings.

I have said there is no pure landscape which is technically independent in classic Italian art, but there is just one which, although employed as an accessory to a figurative composition, may be entirely isolated from its surroundings, and which mediates perfectly between a modern and a classical mode of naturalism. I refer to Fra Bartolommeo's medallion of an evening landscape, part of the Pitti Resurrection of Christ. The picture is unique for its time in that it has no human action. A pure landscape, it expresses the mystery of twilight with a powerful and entirely objective imagery based upon the mountain scenery near Florence. In all essentials except the technique, which is above him, Homer Martin might have done it. There is no scientific research or inspiration here, but only a simple love for elemental beauty. If you had asked the artist why he did not paint other pictures like it, and independently, he would, no doubt, have answered that it was not customary, and would not be in good form. The only other landscape without action that I know in classic Italian art is a Masolino at Castiglione d'Olona. It is, however, asserted that this is the fragmentary background of a figure composition. But that Fra Bartolommeo did one quite modern landscape proves his close kinship to our own times in pure naturalism, a kinship also proved by the backgrounds to his early pictures, as especially in the surprising Garden of Eden in Mr. Johnson's collection.

A still more crucial test of your correspondent's theory may be found in the landscape backgrounds attributed to Giotto. In the Joachim series in the Scrovegni Chapel at Padua, Giotto paints the sheep runs in actual blazing sunlight. While the figurative composition of this seemingly earlier part of the famous mural series interests the designer much, the treatment of the field shows an even greater range of invention. In one instance the landscape fairly dominates the action—it is a wild scene, and an angel descending to Joachim seems less to radiate the background light and air in mediæval fashion than to be born of its natural substance. And there are other examples in plenty of Giotto's close observation and objective interest, where the cosmic features of nature rather than its ministry to man are concerned. The St. Francis cycle at Assisi illustrates this little recognized side of his genius. I have already spoken in your columns of Giotto's love of trees for their organic character and intrinsic beauty. I call this an elemental feeling. Piero della Francesca and Leonardo have it in abundance, nor is it absent from minor art.

Ruskin has given full credit to the naturalism of Masaccio's landscape vistas. Here, as in Giotto, we have a master who only lacks some knowledge or executive skill in details to be quite as modern as he is classical. It is impossible in Masaccio to separate the active and figurative interest from the elemental inspiration. I can believe that if any examples of true Greek painting of a fully developed sort were preserved to us—or if landscape representation had been complete in the greatest periods—we should possess antique prototypes of Masaccio's feeling for the large effects of natural scenery and of his noble truth and reality. He has the temper of Æschylus and of Pheidias. We should not expect comfort to this belief from our Pompeian or Capuan specimens; for they are decadent or Roman, generally, mere decorative impressions, loosely naturalistic, yet hardly elemental.

Of Leonardo's landscape, almost ignored in criticism, I am tempted to speak at length; but this might give my case away, as Leonardo was something of a modern scientist. Yet as an artist in form he was traditional; so traditional that competent experts dispute his work with Verrocchio's. I need only say that you cannot isolate the Virgin of the Louvre from her wild grotto, or La Gioconda from her background of clouds and peaks. To isolate the portrait or the landscape is to lower the visual tone to its concrete and tangible details. And if you analyze the unfinished Adoration of the Kings, you will find that the artist based the whole structure of his picture on an elemental motive, the tonal relation of two trees in real air and light; and that from this motive he began—only to relinquish—the impossible task of making his vast conception fully visible. Scientist or not, and I think that he was even more the artist than the scientist, the passionate love of nature for nature's own sake has no higher exponent.

It will be said that I have chosen men of exceptional imagination, and that Leo-

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nardo especially is, in his love of nature, a romanticist born out of due time. Let us, then, in conclusion, cite a true romanticist, with a classical habit—Mantegna. It happens that we have, in Mrs. Gardner's collection, an exceptionally naturalistic and "picturesque" specimen of Mantegna, in which the landscape background tells us much of the Italian and, perhaps, of a less traditional temper. An episode in this work is Jerome doing penance under beetling cliffs and near vast antres, while the chief action of the piece, an extraordinarily intimate allegory from the life of the Infant Jesus, goes on amidst the most charmingly domesticated natural surroundings. The composite of Donatellian glyptic ideals, of Virgilian pastoral, of contemporary human feeling, of a picturesque fancy, and of a heightened imagination for natural beauties as objectively envisaged, gives to this picture an inexhaustible interest and a profound historical significance. But all I have space to say here is that on discussing Mantegna's art the other day with one of our ablest American painters he insisted that that artist's chief quality as a painter was the reality of his objective attitude; that even the color in Mantegna, which seems dry and conventional to most of us, was essentially representative; that all we have of elemental generalization in Giorgione and Titian is implicit in the Paduan master—that Titian's landscape, for instance, although often reminiscent of the grandeur of the Cadore, is, to Mantegna's trenchant values in tone, and especially his meteorological sense, merely conventional and "decorative." With all of which I entirely agree.

From concrete instances—and there are many more of them—I must conclude that the love of a phenomenal aspect of nature for its sheer cosmic interest, while it may be enhanced by the revelations of modern science, can hardly be claimed as a monopoly of our own. Moreover, I think it can be said without fear of refutation that the supreme visual interpreters of natural beauty in an objective mode have invariably been men who have not confined their attention to external nature, but have also related its glory to human life. In other words, the exclusive attention to the inanimately elemental in much modern painting, music, and poetry seems a limitation rather than an enlargement of art. We may still learn something of these matters from the Chinese and, *a fortiori*, from the Greeks.

W. R.

Roselle Park, N. J., September 28.

DEMOCRATIC SELF-GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It appears to me that all efforts to reform or rejuvenate the Democratic party should give particular attention to its fundamental principle, which may be stated briefly in present-day terminology as local self-government.

When our Constitution was forming, it was recognized that a popular government had never been able to maintain itself for any length of time, except on a small scale, where the territory was not so extensive nor the population so numerous, but that the interests of all would be practically identical, and the tendency toward disintegration arising from inability to reconcile conflicting interests would be reduced to a minimum. While it was suggested that government by representatives was sufficiently different from pure democracy probably to enable us to avoid the perils of disintegration, still this was not relied upon as a certain solution of the problem. Two methods of meeting the difficulty were, among others, presented. One, which became the fundamental principle of the Federalists, while retaining some of the forms and part of the spirit of democracy, sought to avoid its dangerous tendency by providing for a strong government which would be able to restrain extreme results of dissatisfaction. The other method was that of providing a national government with only such powers as were necessary to maintain itself, and relegating all matters of a strictly local nature to the States, under the belief that friction between different States or groups would be practically eliminated, as there would be few conflicts of interest. The strong government principle was always opposed by the Democrats as tending to oppression of the citizen and undue restriction of liberty, and having an inevitable tendency to increase its strength.

Now, while the Democratic principle is doubtless not an absolute remedy for the ills attendant upon our form of government, experience has shown that it is, generally speaking, applicable to the conditions prevailing in this country, and its application has commonly been attended with good results. The burden of proving that national control is superior to that of the State is thrown upon those who seek to disturb the present equilibrium between State and Federal governments. Our safety lies in seeking and establishing that equilibrium between national control on one hand and local self-government on the other, that will best preserve the permanence of the State and the liberty of the individual. To maintain this equilibrium it is necessary that the Democratic party should revive and nourish this principle—the Republican party will not do so—and if it is not strengthened we may before long reach the condition in which popular governments have heretofore found themselves. Unless the Democratic party does cherish and develop this principle, extending it as far as possible, and putting it into practical application, the national government will continue to enlarge its powers. Already official action has been taken to obtain a national income tax, imposed as it was never intended the national government should impose a tax, and there are well-managed movements for national divorce and corporation laws and uniform State laws on various other subjects. On some of these subjects it may be desirable to have uniformity, when that can be obtained without being more than offset by disadvantages. It is, however, precisely on this lack of uniformity in the legislation of the different States that our permanence as a government was supposed to depend. (For fear of being misunderstood I wish to except matters necessarily national, or matters which have behind them a great moral issue, such as slavery, before which all principles of government must give way.) Hence it is desirable that the Democratic party should take action toward educating public opinion to a realization of the dangers from the present encroachment of national powers, and should also take effective steps toward increasing the activities of the State governments in these matters which are properly under their control.

William P. Malburn.

Denver, Col., September 25.

MR. TAFT AND THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial in the *Nation* of September 23, on "Taft on the Tariff," you certainly cannot be accused of not giving the President due credit for what he has accomplished for the cause of tariff reform. You ask, among other things, "If given duties are found to work injustice or hamper trade, why should they not be changed?" The answer is found in the President's Winona speech, wherein he says that "the interests of the party require me to sacrifice the accomplishment of certain things in the revision of the tariff which I had hoped for in order to maintain party solidarity, which I believed to be much more important than the reduction of rates in one or two schedules of the tariff."

This Machiavelian doctrine, I should say, is the most disappointing feature in Mr. Taft's attitude toward the tariff. The President virtually says that if the wool and cotton schedules are exorbitant and affect every consumer in the United States, it is far better that the people should be unjustly taxed than party "solidarity" broken. In a word, President Taft finds the "interests of the country" so closely bound up with the unity of the Republican party that he accepts Cannon's view that party pledges expire after election.

This is a frank avowal, but very disappointing to those who had supported Taft in the belief that he was not an ordinary politician, and that the true issue would be squarely met, either by a real revision or by a vigorous exercise of the veto power. It would have been far better for the cause of reform to have had a continuance of the Dingley abominations, and thus forced the issue again upon the country, than to have temporized with the current of opinion in the Payne bill. You say the President has done something in forcing "a new attitude upon Republicans." But has he? For the last thirty years the Republican party has at least *promised* revision "after the next election," but now, since the newspapers of the country have made it appear that at least something has been accomplished, even the promise of revision will be abandoned. Apologize as we may, there is no denying the fact that the President lost his first great opportunity of raising himself to the rank of a Grover Cleveland. That opportunity is now past, and while the thinking public admire the President for a general return to constitutional government, there is no desire on the part of that public, especially the West, to return to the ancient régime of American politics. The cold fact is, nothing has been accomplished! And, again, the way is open for the demagogue who, under the guise of reform, shall proclaim himself the enemy of corporate greed.

Karl F. Geiser.

Oberlin College, September 27.

[The question cited by our correspondent related to the possibility of future tariff reduction by means of the Tariff

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Commission. On that, we have not yet the President's final word. The adjective "Machiavelian" seems scarcely applicable to a man who blurts out his inmost thoughts, as Mr. Taft often does.—Ed. Nation.]

SCHOOL-GIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Richard Mulcaster's "Positions Concerning the Training Up of Children," 1581, devotes chapter thirty-eight to the subject of the education of "young maidens." In it we have light thrown upon the condition of school-girls in Shakespeare's time, a subject to which Dr. W. J. Rolfe has called attention in the *Nation* of February 18, and again in the issue of July 22. Mulcaster's book was not reprinted until the issue, in 1888, of an almost facsimile edition by the late Mr. Quick, "to whom the credit of discovering this author is mainly due." An "abridged and arranged" edition of Mulcaster's "educational writings," by James Oliphant, 1903, contains the most important extracts from the chapter on the education of girls.

Mulcaster's authority to speak on matters of education for his time is undoubted. With Roger Ascham he was one of the great schoolmasters of his day. For twenty-five years he was the head-master of the Merchant Taylors' School in London, and later, in 1596, he was elected high-master of St. Paul's School. In several respects he was in advance of his age: especially was this true in his assertion that girls had a right to receive as good an education as boys.

He advances and ably supports four reasons why young women should be taught: "That young women are to be set to learning . . . is proved by the custome of our countrey, by our duetie towardes them, by their naturall abilities, and by the worthy effectes of such as have been well trained." The stress he lays in several places upon "the custom of our country" emphasizes the fact that he was contending for no innovation (p. 167, ed. 1581):

> Seeing I begin so low as the first Elementarie [in this discussion of the training of children], wherein we see that young maidens be ordinarily trained, how could I seeme not to see them, being so apparently taught? . . . What absurditie am I in, to say that is true which my countrie dare avow, and daily doth trie? I set not young maidens to publicke grammer scholes, a thing not used in my countrie, I send them not to the universities, having no president thereof in my countrie, I allow them learning with distinction in degrees, with difference of their calling, with respect to their endes, wherefore they learne, wherein my country confirmeth my opinion. We see yong maidens be taught to read and write, and can do both with praise: we heare them sing and playe: and both passing well, we know that they learne the best, and finest of our learned languages, to the admiration of all men.

After considering in detail the particularly womanly accomplishments of reading, writing, and "musike," our author, with characteristic conscientiousness, adds (p. 178):

> I medle not with *needles*, nor yet with *housewiferie*, although I think it, and know it, to be a principale commendation in a woman: to be able to governe and direct her houshold, to looke to her house and familie, to provide and keepe necessaries, though the goodman pay, to know the force of her kitchin, for sicknes and health, in her selfe and her charge; bycause I deale onely with such thinges as be incident to their learning. Which seeing the custome of my country doth permit, I may not mislike.

There are sixteen large quarto pages in this chapter. Having considered "the ende whereunto their education serveth, which is the cause why & how much they learne," Mulcaster next tells "which of them are to learne, when they are to begin to learne," and thus progresses to "what and how much they may learne." Finally (p. 182):

> There is nothing left to ende this treatise of young *maidens*, but where and under whom, they are to learne, which question will be sufficiently resolved, upon consideration of the time how long they are to learne, which time is commonly till they be about thirtene or fouretene years old. . . .
>
> They that may continue some long time at learning, thorough the state and abilitie of their parentes have also their time and place suitably appointed, by the foresight of their parentes. So that the time resting in private forecast, I cannot reduce it to generall precept. . . .

Mulcaster does not give us detailed information about the boarding schools for girls, but clearly refers to such institutions as conducted by private enterprise (p. 182):

> The places wherein they learne be either *publike* if they go forth to the *Elementarie* schole, or *private* if they be taught at home. The teacher either of their owne sex or of ours. For *publike* places, bycause in that kinde there is no publike provision *but such as the professours of their training do make of themselves, I can say little*. . . .

The awkward and often obscure style of Mulcaster's "Positions" has caused it to be neglected for three centuries, but the value of its facts both historically and pedagogically will claim increasing attention from modern readers.

M. P. Tilley.

University of Michigan, September 27.

THE HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It would be interesting to know how Mr. La Farge came to take interest in the Poliphilus (see the *Nation*, August 12 and 26, and September 9). In the Norton collection at Gore Hall, Cambridge, is a copy of the 1545 Italian edition, which bears the autograph notes: "C. E. Norton—Brought from Brantwood. June, 1900"; and "Mine, during my work in Oxford. John Ruskin. Brantwood, 3rd April, 1880." I find no mention of the work in Ruskin's letters to Norton, or, indeed, in any of his published writings. The copy is quite fresh and contains no notes. Mr. Norton, in showing me his copy of the 1499 edition (in 1897), did not mention Ruskin in connection with it. This copy was in his possession (according to his autograph in it) in 1873, that is, during the earlier years of Ruskin's lectures at Oxford; so that he, rather than Ruskin, may have known it first. In 1880, he possessed the French reprint of 1561; but his autographs in the original version of 1546 and Beroalde's version of 1600 bear no date. Ruskin possessed "various copies of Poliphilo" (cf. W. G. Collingwood: "Ruskin Relics," p. 191).

Interest in the Poliphilus extends not only to bibliophiles and artists; it includes the lexicographer. The English version of 1592 "englished" a number of remarkable words—often to be found in no other work—most of which are being incorporated in the "Oxford English Dictionary." A study of these words in connection with the Rabelaisian Italian of the original might prove serviceable to that enterprise; for, to judge by the entries, the work was not read before the appearance of Mr. Lang's reprint (1890), when A-E was nearly finished, and was read very imperfectly then. In evidence of this, I note a few of its strange words: (*a*) those for which this work alone is cited by the Oxf. E. D.—imphrygiated, interstitious, plemmirrulate; (*b*) those in this work which are not entered by the Oxf. E. D.—Conclansture, denticulature, gulature, carpanticall, aquilonal, flamigerous, nextrule; (*c*) those in this work for which a later authority is the first cited by the Oxf. E. D.—perpolyte (four years), pilastrel (twenty-eight years). This list was obtained at random in about fifteen minutes. The work contains enough material of this character to furnish forth a "Dictionary of Hard Words."

Percy W. Long.

Harvard University, September 29.

THE CLUB BINDERY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the reference in your "News for Bibliophiles" (September 30) to the Club Bindery, with which the late Mr. Robert Hoe was intimately connected, it might interest the readers of that column to learn that the bulk of the Club Bindery staff upon the closing of that bindery went to the Rowfant Bindery of Cleveland, and that the Rowfant Bindery has been organized by a few bibliophiles of the Rowfant Club of Cleveland to carry forward the work temporarily stopped by the closing of the Club Bindery. T. J. Holmes.

Cleveland, O., October 2.

Literature.

TWO BOOKS OF EXPLORATION.

Conquering the Arctic Ice. By Ejnar Mikkelsen. With numerous illustrations and maps. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

A more interesting account of the adventurous and self-sacrificing life of the Arctic explorer, it would be difficult to find. The narrative is not only full of graphic descriptions of scenes and incidents, but it is instinct with the personality of the writer, whose sunny good nature and kindness of heart make it easy for the reader to accept Sir Clements Markham's characterization of Capt. Mikkelsen as "an ideal Arctic commander." The aim of the expedition was not one to excite popular attention—it was not a "dash for the pole," but a simple attempt to solve the long-debated problem as to the existence of land to the north of Alaska in what is known as the Beaufort Sea, the second largest unexplored area in the world. Joint commander with the writ-

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er was Ernest de K. Leffingwell of Illinois, who had charge of the scientific work, including surveys of large tracts of the coast and unexplored mountains, and who had been associated with him on a previous Polar expedition. One of the other six who constituted the little band was Dr. George P. Howe of Boston, a Harvard graduate. Starting from Victoria in May, 1906, in a schooner of 56 tons burden, they passed through Behring Strait and, notwithstanding an especially bad season for navigating the ice, reached Flaxman's Island, on the northeastern coast of Alaska, where winter quarters were established. In March Mikkelsen, Leffingwell, and the Norwegian mate with three sledges, twelve dogs, and food for sixty-five days, started over the pack ice northward in search of land.

A chapter which will prove of permanent value to future explorers is devoted to a description of the equipment of a sledge expedition in which the equipments of six different expeditions are given to the most minute details—one man's daily rations being expressed in ounces and tenths of ounces. It was one of the most gallant attempts ever made to solve an Arctic problem. Every conceivable difficulty had to be encountered—rough ice rising in ridges above thirty feet high, deep snow, furious gales, and leads of open water. A frequent incident in the trip is thus described: They were hewing their way through a ridge when

> a large piece of ice alongside of us began to slide, and in a second the whole ridge was in motion. We had to leave it hurriedly and to get our sledges away from the dangerous neighborhood of the pieces of ice which came crashing down on our floe. The ice-blocks were about six feet thick, and it was an awe-inspiring sight to see how those immense weights were moved about. Here a big block of ice, about ten feet long and six or seven feet wide, was rolled over, pushed along, and piled up on the top of the ridge. For a moment it lay still; then a motion in the ice underneath it set it sliding, first slowly, then faster; crushing the ice it went over, hitting the floe hard, tottered backwards and forwards, and then tumbled over with an awful crash. Now and then a noise like that of a big gun was heard close at hand: the floe was cracked and commenced to pile itself up in another direction. Slowly and majestically the two rival floes slid along each other's edge, grinding, crushing, and piling up ice to a height of about fifteen feet. . . . The floes moved by each other with a relative motion of one foot in twenty seconds. The pressure ceased about twenty minutes later, as suddenly and with as little warning as it had commenced, and we had to do all the work of breaking a road over again, chopping and shovelling to make a passable crossing.

The wide lanes of open water were crossed by means of a skin raft, but Capt. Mikkelsen recommends as still better a rail-sledge with a high bow wrapped snugly about with canvas. When tent-bound by a strong wind "some of the time," he says, "we talk, making plans for new trips, or trying to find some other cheerful subject, but it is not always easy, and conversation flags. We have each a small book—'Hamlet' and 'King Lear'—and the reading and discussing of mysterious passages help to pass many an hour which would otherwise be spent talking over our gloomy prospects." After a sixty days' struggle, during which they went two degrees north of the coast, taking frequent soundings and observations, the accuracy of which it was often difficult to verify on account of the movement of the ice—from five to ten miles a day—they were at last "home again!"—that is, at their winter quarters. The scientific results of the trip are thus modestly given:

> One of our purposes had been attained: we had ascertained the extent of the Continental Shelf, and even if we felt a little sorry that we had not found the land we had so implicitly believed it, it was a consolation for us to know that to prove the absence of land was of as much *scientific* value as to find it!

It was Capt. Mikkelsen's wish to make another attempt to solve the mystery of the pack ice the next season, but the impossibility of getting a third man made him give it up. As a last endeavor he tried to get natives to go out on the ice with him, but no one would listen to him. The Eskimos for generations have had the greatest fear of pack ice. So leaving Mr. Leffingwell, who wished to remain another year to complete his scientific observations, he started in October on a 3,000-mile journey, a large part on foot, in the depth of winter, for civilization. His route was eastward along the coast, and then overland through rugged and mountainous stretches, up the highway of Alaska—the Yukon—to Fairbanks, and from thence by stage to Valdez, which was reached the middle of March. The chapters describing this remarkable journey, during which the lowest temperature registered was 58 degrees C., are perhaps the most interesting, if not the most valuable, in the book, as they give vivid pictures of life at the various stations and settlements. The impression left of the condition of the Eskimo under American rule is decidedly good. Many instances are given showing the wholesome influence of the missionaries, teachers, and government officials. The name by which the expedition is known, Anglo-American Polar Expedition, is due to the fact that grants in aid were made by the Royal Geographical Society and the American Geographical Society. The cost was $26,400. Two slight errors have been noted—Collingson for Collinson, and Serah for Sherard Osborn. The nearly two hundred illustrations, reproductions of photographs, add much to the value and attractiveness of the book, and it is to be regretted that there was not a better map showing the route of the expedition. In appendices are printed some extracts from letters written by Mr. Leffingwell, giving some interesting details of the expedition not found in the narrative, and some medical notes of northern Alaska by Dr. Howe.

The Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia. By Dr. Hiram Bingham. New Haven: Yale Publishing Co.

Dr. Bingham left Caracas on January 3, 1907, expecting to complete his journey in two months. But owing to the slowness of pack oxen and mules, unexpected delays from the treatment of native diseases, dishonest Indian guides, and flooded streams, 115 days elapsed before he reached Bogota. Although travelling among half-civilized people the cost of the trip was rather high, the pack animals, provisions, and incidental expenses between the two capitals costing about $1,600. He concludes: "It is hard for the North American to understand the Venezuelan or Colombian, to realize the difficulties under which he labors, to estimate justly the enervating effect upon successive generations of damp tropical heat. Nevertheless, a six months' acquaintance with the actual conditions of life in northern South America has given me, as it must any one who travels in those regions, a keener sense of the ability and courage displayed by Bolivar, Santander, and the heroes of the Wars of Emancipation, and a better appreciation of the achievements of their successors."

These difficulties of climate and route are an essential part of Dr. Bingham's story, for his expedition was made specially for the purpose of exploring Bolivar's celebrated march of 1819 and the battlefields of Boyacá and Carabobo. Bolivar's achievement, in the face of superior numbers of the enemy, has been held by Spanish-American historians to be as remarkable as the more famous marches of Hannibal and Napoleon, and after following the same route from Caracas to Bogota, Dr. Bingham concurs in this opinion.

While the historical element in Dr. Bingham's diary is always dominant, yet other interests are by no means excluded from the narrative. His style is always vivacious, and the scenes along the trail are vividly portrayed, as he descends from the mountains of Caracas to the half-flooded llanos, struggles for months over rivers and across torrid barrens, and at last gradually ascends the foothills of the Andes to the chilly plateau of Bogota. One little picture in words may be quoted as an example of his manner. He is in a monastery:

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It makes one feel as though one were living in the middle ages to hear the monks laughing, singing, and talking in the garden, while one, the most learned of all, seated in a dark corner of the great room lined with specimens of his craft, reads aloud from a scientific treatise. It was a picture for an artist to see. The man with only his long, flowing beard, his brown, coarse cloth robe, tied with a rope, and his picturesque sandals, reading in a gentle voice from a page dimly lighted by a single candle.

That Dr. Bingham is not an ornithologist may be known from his speaking of toucans as if they were hornbills; and indeed science is throughout the story a secondary interest. Yet his observations in the fields of geography and ethnology have considerable value. Nor is zoölogy wholly neglected: the photograph of a jabiru perched with its half-grown young on its nest (page 73), and the unique picture of a herd of eight capybaras squatting on a steep river bank (page 122), are curious and valuable. Yet it is a pity that some trained naturalist did not accompany the expedition.

Two short appendices give an historical sketch of the war of independence and the battle of Carabobo, and a third presents observations on temperature and weather.

CURRENT FICTION.

Stradella. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a slighter and more conventionally romantic tale than its posthumous predecessor, "The White Sister." Its hero is, of course, the Neapolitan seventeenth-century singer and composer; and Crawford found the episode as here recorded, though not as here embellished, in certain old chronicles of the period. The embellishments play a large part, and are of the mildly exhilarating sort which recognizably belong to "historical romance." There are many rumors of peril and much talk of death by cold steel. The pair of bravos who figure so prominently in the action are understood to be desperate fellows, and their designs upon Stradella and his sweetheart are of the most ferocious. But their rapiers are only permitted to execute a pin-prick or two, and the most serious result of the violence threatened and attempted in the course of the story is a broken nose. These two professional gentlemen of adventure are constructed after a somewhat old-fashioned recipe: the humor of them is due to a broadly physical antithesis. In character and antecedents they are pretty much alike—gentlemen who have lost their fortunes, and have eventually become the instruments of private vengeance. But one of them is blond, stout, pug-nosed, truculent, while the other is dark, thin-beaked, and sinister. The complications into which their trade brings them in relation to the runaway musician and his runaway bride are sufficiently amusing. No one of their contracts can be fulfilled without vitiating the rest; in the end, of course, they are all set at naught by the god who presides over romantic fiction.

The narrative has the familiar fluidity and apparent ingenuousness of the great entertainer. Nowhere has been displayed more clearly than in this last (if it be the last) of his tales, his extraordinary faculty of holding his readers' attention by means which appear to have nothing extraordinary about them whatever. At an hour when so many writers of fiction had begun to strain at gaining unusual effects by dint of unusual methods, it was Crawford s distinction to be always simple, colloquial, and direct.

True Tilda. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If the late Marion Crawford left behind him his equal in the sheer virtuosity of story-telling, it was in the person of "Q." The one, like the other, has but to open his mouth to let fall a good story, a story round and shining as the pearls of the fairy-tale. The penalty of such facility and adroitness is obvious. The skilled hand can so easily turn out something presentable that it inclines to become less and less concerned with the intrinsic value of the product. We cannot suppose that Mr. Quiller-Couch here, more than Mr. Crawford in his later novels, felt himself under irresistible pressure to tell this story, though to be telling some story pretty much all the time is no doubt second nature to him. But the *improvvisatore* cannot let himself be troubled with the vision of masterpieces: he gets his effect by means of a series of brilliant approximations.

Tilda is a youthful and precocious heroine and *dea ex machina* of the approved modern type. Half gutter-snipe, half guardian-angel, she makes her way with impunity over much rough ground and through various ticklish places. When we say that she has no strawberry mark, and does not turn out to be of gentle blood, we do not mean to encourage the reader in the expectation of marked novelty in the plot. The chief object of her exploits is to bring back to his own another waif, who has four lozenges tattooed on his shoulder, and is so proved to be the son of a baronet. But all this is no doubt mere amiable concession to the tastes of the ordinary reader, whose appetite for strawberry marks is apparently insatiable: the plot is simply all that it needs to be. The unlucky thing is the sketchiness and inconclusiveness of the persons. "Q"-land is peopled with creatures of paper and ink as well as of flesh and blood; a large number, more particularly, of figures bearing the mark of "Boz." The minor characters in the present tale are patently after Dickens: Mortimer, a Jingle-Micawber-ghost; Christopher Hucks, a Scrooge-Wegg compound; Doctor Glasson, of Squeers-Stiggins derivation, and so on. It is not so much that "Q," like De Morgan, thinks in terms of the middle-Victorian novelist, as that his brain seems to be persistently haunted by the spooks of Gadshill.

The Compact. By Ridgwell Cullum. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

This book treats of "an unrecorded conspiracy in South Africa" during the interval between the peace of Majuba Hill and the last Boer war. The writer in his preface makes so interesting if partisan a preliminary sketch of the field and the forces that we should be glad to have from him a connected history of this not too often described period. His facts are interesting, his familiarity with his subject obvious, and he writes with spirit. But in working his material into a novel he loses something of his grasp. His plots, though lurid, are sketchy; his conspirators become exclamation points; his details, ejaculations. A more serious fault is the cheaply melodramatic quality of the love-story. For "The Compact" is made, not between Boer and Briton, but by a doting husband who thinks himself unloved, and a former lover of his wife, and its details transcend the ludicrously improbable. Wisely has the author reserved dramatic rights!

As It Happened.. By Ashton Hilliers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The centuries differ in their ways of doing things," observes Mr. Hilliers. "We of the twentieth are diffuse or inclining thereto. I, myself, for example (an humble instance, but the first that comes to hand), propose to run to 400 pages." He keeps his word; but even the seasoned novel reader is content that it should be as it is written. What matters the footfall of time if it treads lightly? As to the diffuseness of the twentieth century, in general, there may be two opinions. Mr. Hilliers, as his book shows, must have been thinking of that latest innovation in novels, the De Morgan revival of the leisurely, the confidential, the discursive. With the author of "Joseph Vance" for father, the author of "Henry Esmond" for grandfather, the author of "Harry Richmond" for godfather, once or twice removed, Mr. Hilliers's "As It Happened" is born into one of the first families of fiction.

The story is of military and domestic adventure in 1778-9, covering, as the map goes, Madras, England, the high seas, and Gibraltar. For scenic settings there are camps, courts, groves, inns,

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lodging houses, shipboard, the road. The persons include old soldiers in the India service, young ones hurrying to the defence of Gibraltar, nabobs, adventurers, and scholar-highwaymen. We meet familiarly old Queensberry; Jenkinson, the future Lord Liverpool; Gov. Sir George Eliott. We have glimpses of Walpole, and we hear of Wesley and Reynolds. But one fancies that Thomas Furley, delightful battleground of natural man and saint by acquisition, is the author's favorite among his many characters. The nucleus of the vast matter is the search for the son and daughter of his dead love by Major Wade Justin, who holds in a belt of gems a tidy fortune for them entrusted to him by their scamp of a father dying in India. The preparations are formidable, but once on the journey one is constrained to admire and then to enjoy. The range of information is extraordinary; the fitting of walk and conversation to each character most apt; the humor rich.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM WINTER.

Old Friends, being Literary Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.

This is, in many ways, a delightful book. It is doubly interesting, first, for the intimate personal glimpses which it affords of men who have won popularity and abiding honor in the field of American literature, and, secondly, for the unconscious revelation which it makes of the finer qualities of the author himself, his innate love of the beautiful in art or in character, his rare capacity for ardent friendship, his generous appreciation of the achievements of others, and his fidelity to his own ideals. No one acquainted with Mr. Winter's writings, as poet, critic, biographer, or essayist, needs to be told of the invariable charm of his style. If when judged by the canons of the severest taste, it is now and again somewhat marred by an excessive luxuriance—due largely to the pressure of an overflowing vocabulary—it is, as a rule, remarkable for its flexibility and grace, its incisive clarity, its ready control of the whole verbal armory of humor, pathos, and invective, its felicity in definition and its melodious rhythm. All these characteristics are exemplified liberally in this present work, which is a striking tribute, not only to the dead friends whom he would commemorate, but to his own ability.

Not everybody, it may be said at once, will agree with all the critical estimates, or with all the opinions, which he has here set down. Like most men with strong feelings—especially when endowed, as he is, with glowing imagination—he is apt, perhaps, to exaggerate a little the virtues of those he loves and the defects of those with whom he is not altogether in sympathy. But, as the title itself indicates, this book is warmly appreciative, not coldly critical, and the affectionate generosity that inspires it is one of its many attractions. So full is it of personal anecdote and reminiscence, mostly fresh and almost always illuminative, that it would lend itself readily to long quotation, did space permit. But it is only possible now to refer briefly to its contents. With Longfellow, Mr. Winter was on terms of close and affectionate intimacy, and he pays an eloquent tribute to that accomplished poet and rare gentleman. "A man more noble, gentle, lovable, and true," he writes, "never lived." He ranks him "not among the marvels of creative genius, the portents that dazzle and bewilder, but with the benefactors of mankind that soothe and bless." And this, he argues elsewhere, is the noblest function of the poet's art. With Whitman, as might be supposed, Mr. Winter had little in common. He disposes of him in a perfectly characteristic sentence. "Instead of writing either prose or verse," Whitman, he says, "composed an uncouth catalogue of miscellaneous objects and images, generally commonplace, sometimes coarse, and sometimes filthy."

To Oliver Wendell Holmes is devoted a captivating chapter, in which the personality of the wonderful little doctor is sketched with vivid effect. It shows him at the height of his literary, professional, and social activities, and again, in a tenderly pathetic setting, during the closing hours of his long and productive life. Another charming essay, perhaps, on the whole, the best in the book, is on Thomas Bailey Aldrich, with whom Mr. Winter maintained a life-long friendship. It is filled with the touches that speak of intimate acquaintance, and reveals the inner soul of the man in a most alluring aspect. To the character and genius of George William Curtis also, the author pays fervid and unqualified tribute, declaring that in felicity of speech he was superior to all men of his generation—but this paper, admirable as it is in both spirit and form, smacks somewhat of effort and lacks the spontaneity and delicacy that distinguish the Aldrich study.

The chapter on Dickens is particularly interesting, especially the description of his readings, a subject on which the writer, of course, is an expert, as he proves, in another place, by his illuminative comparison of the oratory of Webster, Choate, and Edward Everett. Of Wilkie Collins, he gives a sympathetic account, dwelling upon the extraordinary courage with which he composed some of his most successful works, while suffering excruciating physical agony. As an author, he places him in almost the highest rank. Letters from Bayard Taylor to Mr. Winter exhibit in a bright light the indomitable self-reliance of that versatile workman, his faith in his own poetic power, and his devotion to high literary ideals without respect to public favor or pecuniary gain. Of the famous little company of the so-called Bohemians, who, under the presidency of Henry Clapp, assembled half a century ago in Pfaff's cellar, Mr. Winter writes with kindly zeal and liberal praise. His sketch of Fitz-James O'Brien bears testimony to that writer's substantial but undisciplined genius. His defence of his quondam associates, as a body, from the imputations of general profligacy cast upon them by uninformed writers is emphatic, and there is a good example of his more acid humor in his reference to certain slighting comments—probably long since forgotten—by Mr. Howells. But the book must be read to be appreciated at its proper value. From beginning to end it is good literature, and if, in the very nature of things, it cannot tell much that is absolutely new, it does throw fresh light upon a group of varied and interesting personalities, and furnishes, in epitome, many illustrations of the analytical, poetical, and descriptive powers of its author.

One Irish Summer. By William Eleroy Curtis. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.50 net.

A Holiday in Connemara. By Stephen Gwynn, M.P. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Mr. Curtis's collection of newspaper articles constitutes fair journalism, but a poor book. A great amount of generally trustworthy information about Ireland is conveyed in so fluid a form that the reader can hardly help digesting some of it, if his functions be not deranged by the extreme carelessness of the author's style and his inadequate general education. For instance, the intention and effect of the Wyndham Land Acts is well brought out by description and example, but the discussion is preceded by the following bewildering analysis of the act of 1903:

> That act provides that an owner of a large estate may sell to his tenants the holdings they occupy, and his untenanted land to any one who desires to buy it, in such tracts and at such prices as may be agreed upon, corresponding to the income now derived from that particular property. No landlord can sell a few acres here and there of good land under this act, although, of course, he is at liberty to dispose of any part of his estate at any time at any price that he may consider proper.

Mr. Curtis is afraid of long words and apologizes for speaking of the "Disestablishment." And he is afraid of republican susceptibilities and apologizes for speaking of "civil servants." But he is fearless in other directions and ex-

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plains without apology that Cadenus is Latin for dean.

It is noteworthy that books about Ireland are becoming cheerful in tone. While the native is still humorous, civil, and misleading, while his daughter is still lovely, and the landscape, green or barren, is always picturesque, these agreeable features are no longer set off in literature by an invariably gloomy background of famine, drunkenness, and rent-paying pigs. The land is a mere network of beneficent organization. Besides the Congested Districts Board, the Agricultural Organization Society, the Estates Commission, and the Christian Brothers' Schools, there are societies to promote temperance, to preserve the Irish tongue, to teach the English tongue, to loan money, and to drain swamps. If the "Sinn Fein" has the shortest name among these organizations, perhaps the most perspicuous belongs to "Lady Dudley's Scheme for the Establishment of District Nurses in the Poorest Parts of Ireland."

Mr. Gwynn's book is of a different sort. It is written by an Irishman with humor and sympathy and intimate knowledge. It is a special study of Connemara and the Joyce country, famous for trout and salmon and seals, where Thackeray's Fitzboodle had such excellent sport. Mr. Gwynn's account of his successes is of a more sober character as befits a man responsible to the public, but his narrative shows that he too felt the stimulating charm of that lonely coast which forms the westernmost point of Europe. Europe at large and England and even eastern Ireland itself, he tells us, are but names to the men of Connemara, who live altogether by the seashore, on fish and remittances from America. At a small post office, Mr. Gwynn was able to buy none but twopence half-penny stamps, for, as the postmistress explained, all the hamlet's correspondence was with the United States.

An Introduction to Social Psychology By Wm. McDougall. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.

Professor McDougall's previous work in psychology and psycho-physical theory prepares us to find this essay in the field of sociology an important one, and in this we are not disappointed. He justly holds that the social sciences cannot be well based unless they are made to rest, as thus far they have not been, upon firmly established psychological theories as to the nature of the "springs of action" in man. He contends that there has been too ready an assumption "that men normally and in the vast majority of cases act reasonably," "whereas the truth is that men are moved by a variety of impulses whose nature has been determined through long ages of the evolutionary process without reference to the life of men in civilized societies." In other words, human "springs of action" are obviously in the main instinctive, and are intelligent only secondarily.

With this fact in mind, Dr. McDougall undertakes a detailed study of the instincts, finding ten of a primitive nature to which correspond ten emotional attitudes; for, as he argues at length, our emotions are in all cases the psychic coincidents of instinctive activities. Had he not trusted over much to Baldwin's inadequate "Dictionary of Philosophy," he might have been spared much labor here, for the point he thus emphasizes has already been insisted upon by James, and by other psychologists even more specifically. Following Shand, our author holds that emotional dispositions tend to become organized into systems about the various objects that excite them; and these psychic systems he, with Shand, calls sentiments. The various sentiments which impel us to activity he studies with care, attempting to trace them back to combinations of the ten primitive emotions. His discussion at this point becomes highly technical, and will doubtless be subjected to criticisms from psychological experts: but, in the main, the objections raised will relate to matters of terminology rather than to his principles of analysis, which are sound and often most acute and enlightening. He makes an important contribution in his insistence that an acceptance of his general position carries with it the rejection of the doctrine of the life of societies as merely the sum of the activities of individuals moved by enlightened self-interest, or by intelligent desire for pleasure and aversion from pain. For he agrees with the latest students of algedonics that pleasures and pains are not in themselves emotional, that they are at most accompaniments of activities of an instinctive nature, and are thus themselves only indirectly springs of action; and he shows in detail that happiness is a sentiment—an emotional derivative—and, as such, an instinct phenomenon which cannot by any objective or subjective evidence be shown to be a mere sum of pleasures. It will be evident that in this argument he deals to the utilitarians and other hedonists a heavy blow.

He justly protests against such crude generalizations as that of Giddings, who finds the basic principle of social organization in "consciousness of kind"; showing conclusively that all the attractions of like to like can be traced to the gregarious instinct, and that "consciousness of kind" implies a high level of mental development and a rationalized procedure, which cannot be assumed to exist in the social animals, or in primitive men among whom the social organizations which appear to-day had their inception.

The author's psychology is notably sound, his mode of procedure thoroughly scientific, his illustrative examples happy, and his criticisms cogent and moderate in tone. We shall look forward with interest to his promised volume which is to be devoted to a "detailed study of collective mental processes."

Notes.

An account of "The Chinese," by John Shean Thomson, is promised by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"The Day of Days," by Hermann Sudermann, is among the more important novels for October publication by B. W. Huebsch.

Poetry has its place on the autumn list of Paul Elder & Co., in Fanny Purdy Palmer's "Sonnets," subdivided in groups entitled, "California Sonnets," and "Post Meridiem."

A new edition of the Journals of John Wesley, in six volumes, is to be issued by the Methodist Publishing House (London), for which edition the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock has secured a great quantity of unpublished matter.

"The Journal of George Fox," reprinted verbatim for the first time from the original manuscript, is one of the autumn offerings of the Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons).

On the autumn list of Forbes & Co. one finds a new volume of verse by Ben King, "Jane Jones and Some Others"; "What Does Christmas Mean?" by John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and a volume of University of Chicago stories, "Maroon Tales," by Will J. Cuppy.

The Putnams promise for early publication a volume entitled "The Great French Revolution," by Prince Kropotkin; an account of Alexander Pope and his times, in two volumes, by George Paston; and "Abraham Lincoln—the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence," by George Haven Putnam.

"Jesus or Christ," a symposium announced for October publication by Sherman, French & Co., the publishers of the *Hibbert Journal*, has for its collaborators Sir Oliver Lodge, Rev. R. J. Campbell, Rev. James Drummond, Rev. Principal J. Estlin Carpenter, the Rev. George Tyrrell, and Profs. Henry Jones, H. Weinel, and H. Schmiedel. Another October publication of this house is "A Workingman's View of the Bible," by O. F. Donaldson.

William Winter's name appears twice on the list of Moffat, Yard & Co. First, we have the "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," the authorized biography of the actor, and the book for which, we are told, Mr. Winter has been taking notes for more than fifteen years. The Author's Edition of his "Poems" is the other book referred to. These same publishers announce "Kentucky in the Nation's History," by Robert McNutt McElroy of Princeton University; "Women in the Making of America," by H. Addington Bruce: "Henry Hudson," by Agnes C. Laut; "Holland of To-day," by George Wharton Edwards; "The

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Survival of Man: A Study in Psychical Research," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "Lays of Democracy," by Charles Edward Russell; "The Conquest of the Air," by A. Lawrence Rotch; and "The Making of the English Bible," by Dr. Samuel McComb. They will also publish on its completion by Miss Laura Stedman the official "Life and Letters" of her grandfather, the late Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Among recent announcements of books for autumn publication we note the following important titles on the list of Longmans, Green, & Co.: "The Meaning of Truth: a Sequel to Pragmatism," by William James; "Liberty and Progress," by C. Y. C. Dawbarn; "The Natural History of British Game Birds," by J. G. Millais, F.Z.S.; "The Common Weal: A Study of the Federal System of Political Economy," by Alfred P. Hillier; "The Cradle of New France; A Story of the City Founded by Champlain," by Arthur G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist; "International Law," by T. Baty; "Letters to the *Times* on War and Neutrality (1881-1909)," by Thomas Erskine Holland; "Turkey in Transition," by G. F. Abbott; "In a Yorkshire Garden," by Reginald Farrer; "The Poems of George Crabbe," edited by Bernard Holland; "Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession Defined," by Beverley B. Munford; "A Century of Empire," Vol. I, by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.; "Garibaldi and the Thousand," by George Macaulay Trevelyan; "Essays," by Father Ignatius Ryder; "Memoirs of Scottish Catholics During the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries," edited from hitherto unpublished manuscripts by W. Forbes Leith, S.J. (two volumes), and "Christian Ideas and Ideals," by Robert Lawrence Ottley, M.A., Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford.

Harold Murdock has followed up his intimate portrayal of Revolutionary Boston in "Lord Percy's Dinner Table," with a similar study of a single phase of that city's history in "1872: The Great Boston Fire," published by Houghton Mifflin Co., in a limited edition of 500 copies. Like its predecessor, the present volume blends direct historical narrative with much imaginative detail. Mr. Murdock writes here on the basis of personal experience reinforced and amplified by documentary evidence. An introductory chapter describes Boston as it was on the eve of the great disaster. There follows a series of letters in which the story of the great fire is told with considerable amplitude by an observant, active, and well-informed anonymous citizen, who seems to have retained his sense of humor and of literary style in the midst of the general calamity. A happy sentence or two shows us President Eliot of Harvard watching the progress of the flames and pondering on the future of Harvard's realty holdings. In typography, paper, the noble spread of margin, and binding, the volume is beautifully made up.

The 1905 edition of Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contained a preface of some four and a half pages, signed by Robert Ross, the editor of the book, and the author's literary executor. In the new edition just issued this preface is reduced to one page, partly by the omission of a fragment of a letter addressed to Mr. Ross "in sending me instructions with regard to the publication of 'De Profundis.'" Of the three paragraphs which made up this fragment, the first opened with the words, "I don't defend my conduct," etc., and is not to be found in the letter as printed on pages 9-13 in the body of the new edition. We are compensated by other fragments, in all, parts of four letters addressed to Mr. Ross from Reading prison. These letters had already appeared, misdated, in Germany. It is worth while to note once more the fact that in Germany and France, "where tolerance and literary enthusiasm are more widely distributed," Wilde's works have been judged independently of the author's character and career. There are added to this new edition, at the end of the volume, two open letters addressed by Wilde to the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, on "Warder Martin," and "Prison Reform," respectively.

The chief interest of the reëdition centres, however, in the text of "De Profundis" itself. As one may read in the "Publisher's Note," "the editor has been able to include certain additional matter, aggregating some eighty pages." Nor does it take us long to discover enlargements of the text. The 1905 edition began, one will remember:

> . . . Suffering is one very long moment. We cannot divide it by seasons. We can only record its moods, and chronicle their return.

These same words occur in the second edition, but they are preceded by others. "My place would be between Gilles de Retz and the Marquis de Sade," is Wilde's confession; "I dare say it is best so." He cannot forebear adding: "Nor have I any doubt that the leper of mediævalism and the author of 'Justine' will prove better company than 'Sandford and Merton.'" There are other, and more important, additions to this mordant book. Some of the new material is slight enough, and it is even apparent to the reader that Wilde here expresses himself much more freely and fully than he was allowed to in the first edition of these *fleurs de mal*. "The gods had given me almost everything," he boasts, like another Cain.

> I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art; I altered the minds of men and the colors of things; there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder. I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time I widened its range and enriched its characterization. . . . I summed up all systems in a phrase, and all existence in an epigram. . . . But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease.

Only the first and the last of the sentences just quoted are to be found in the earlier edition, nor was there any indication of the omission. There are reasons to suppose that even as it is we have not the entire text as it exists in MS., but we undoubtedly have as much of it as there is any good reason for preserving.

In his "Development of Hungarian Constitutional Liberty" (New York: Emil Zerkowitz) Count Julius Andrássy has written an eloquent and statesmanlike panegyric rather than a history. It is not a systematic exposition, supported by references and allusions to sources. It is rather the work of a man who has consulted and digested every treatise on the subject and expects something like the same sort of knowledge from his reader. It might be said, of course, that references to Hungarian sources would be of little advantage to an American or English reader, as a knowledge of the Magyar language is not common in either country. But, in fact, the most important sources of Hungarian history, and especially of Hungarian constitutional history, are in Latin, which was the dominant literary language of Hungary down to the beginning of the last century. The author is fond of parallels between the constitutions of different countries, and the striking analogies he discovers between the origin and development of Magyar and English progressive constitutional freedom are important and instructive. Thus he enables us to see that both in Hungary and England it was the strength of the monarchical principle and the consequent security of internal order and peace that made progress possible. Count Andrássy shows that the two constitutions had a fundamental similarity, and for centuries followed similar lines of development. The comparison is very instructive and satisfactory, but is likely to cause a little surprise to English authorities on constitutional history. The author neglects to note the somewhat remarkable fact that there was an interval of only seven years between the Golden Bull and Magna Charta, the two documents that are accepted as the foundations of Hungarian and English freedom. But we learn from him that Hungary had her Cardinal Langton as well as England, in the person of Archbishop Lucas. He terrified and humbled King Stephen III in precisely the same fashion in which the English ecclesiastic did King John, and his masterful personality left the Hungarian monarch no alternative but to grant the charter. All this is interesting, and we should have liked it if the author had told us a little more about Archbishop Lucas, who appears and vanishes as abruptly as Macbeth's witches. But the non-Hungarian who would fully comprehend Count Andrássy's constitutional history should first prepare himself for the task by reading a good general history of Hungary. The translation is excellent.

In "The British Tar in Fact and Fiction" (Harper & Bros.), Commander Charles Napier Robinson, R. N., has not only reproduced from his own collection of prints nearly all the hundred and thirty-odd illustrations depicting the character, dress, and habits of the old-time British sailor, but he has added a text abounding in precise information and animated by the liveliest sympathy with his former associates afloat, and with their predecessors who were distinguished alike by their ill-concealed vices and their sturdy, if less obvious, virtues. He has also indicated where other similar collections of the graver's art may be visited, and the sources of a large part of all the knowledge we can ever hope to possess of that fast disappearing type of humanity. This handsome volume gives a comprehensive study of its subject as contained in history, biography, pamphlets, satires, mystery plays, comedies, dramas, sea stories, novels, chap books, poems, songs, doggerel, and pictures from the earliest times. The book is, indeed, a labor of love, representing years of painstaking research, and is an indispensable guide to the sailor in Eng-

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lish literature. The index is full, but the list of illustrations lacks the artists' and engravers' names.

The Roman Catholic Quarterly, *Revue des Sciences philosophiques et théologiques*, now in its third year, affords convenient information of scholarly productions in all languages in these two related disciplines. The design is to cover the entire field of both sciences through reviews and contributed articles by specialists. The attempt is made, not only to chronicle the latest results in specific fields, but also to relate each discussion to a larger unity. The *Revue* is thus of value to investigators who differ widely from its point of view, which is that of enthusiastic loyalty to the encyclical of Pius X, *Pascendi dominici gregis*.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich has recently discussed, not without uneasiness, the increase in the "learned proletariat." In 1853 there were in all about 13,000 students in the German universities; in 1888 there were some 31,000; in 1909, a total of 51,700. In 1853 there were 30 university students for every 100,000 inhabitants; now there are 75. The increase in the academic contingent has been 119 per cent. since 1880. Bismarck repeatedly tried to check this crowding of the professions, fearing lest Social Democracy should receive its best recruits from the ranks of university graduates for whom the state had no places. Nowadays, with all three classes of nine-year secondary schools turning over their graduates to virtually all departments of the universities, these are more than ever crowded. During the present semester the advance has been particularly notable, every one of the twenty universities of the Fatherland, except Jena, showing a marked increase in registration.

During the present autumn a *Mohammedanisches Seminar* will be opened in Potsdam: the first institution of the kind in Christendom. The courses announced for the winter semester include the following: Arabic, Persian, Turkish and its dialects, interpretation of the Koran, Mohammedan Theology, the Dervish Orders and Sufitic Philosophy, Modern Islam, the Ethnography and Politics of the Islamic Peoples, the New and the Old Testaments in Their Relation to Islam, the Oriental Churches and Islam, Islam and the Ancient Orient. Special attention is to be paid to modern Islam and its confessions, orders, and sects. The cause of the new seminary will be championed by the two Turkish journals founded and edited by Pastor Awetaranian; the weekly *Gunesh* (Sun), and the theological periodical, *Shahid ul Haguaig* (Witness of the Truth). The correspondence of the new seminary is in charge of Dr. R. Wegener, Deutsche Orient Mission, Potsdam, Grosse Weinmeisterstrasse, 50.

A new and timely contribution to the history and progressive development of aeronautics during the last quarter of a century is A. Hildebrand's "Die Brüder Wright," just issued by Otto Elsner in Berlin. It gives, with forty-four illustrations, accounts of the experiments of the German, Otto Leichenthal, who was killed by a fall from his airship in 1896; the Englishman Sinclair Pilsner, who met a like fate in 1899, and Octave Chanute, a Frenchman by birth, who came to America in 1838, when only six years old, and became distinguished as an engineer in the United States, where he published in 1894 a work on "Progress in Flying Machines." Herr Hildebrand represents Wilbur and Orville Wright as the pupils of Chanute. As manufacturers of bicycles in Dayton, O., they were first led to construct a flying machine with a motor, and made successful experiments with this invention in 1903. On October 3, 1905, they were able to fly 38.9 kilometres in 38 minutes and 5 seconds.

The third volume of Mlle. Pellechet's "Catalogue général des incunables des bibliothèques publiques de France," prepared by L. Polain, embraces the alphabetical group Compagnies—Gregorius Magnus. It contains twenty numbers of Ælius Donatus's "De octo partibus orationis," including the so-called Costerian editions, to one of which the tentative imprint "Ultrajecti, imp. du Speculum (?)" is given. Not less than sixty-seven works of Johannes Gerson are listed in 118 editions. Of Dante's "Divina Commedia" we find twelve editions listed.

"Études sur l'historiographie espagnole," by G. Cirot, lecturer in the University of Bordeaux, is a book on the general histories of Spain between Alfonso X and Philip II (1284-1556). It forms the ninth fascicle in the Bibliothèque des Universités du Midi.

A work of considerable display, "L'Empire du Soleil" (Hachette—15 francs), is published on Peru and Bolivia by the Baron and Baroness Conrad de Meyendorff. The authors travelled as artists given over to impressions by the way; and these are rendered by twelve colored plates from water-color drawings of Princess Marie Wolkonsky and others of the St. Petersburg Academy of Painting. There are 111 engravings in the text. A large part of the book is also devoted to attempts at recalling the Empire of the Incas, with its remains scattered over the modern land.

Gustave Danois of the International Institute of Bibliography gives notice of the subscription publication of his "Bibliographie Napoléonienne française" (L'Édition Bibliographique). The work comes down to 1908: its first part will form three large 8vo volumes, double-columned, of authors classified alphabetically from A to Z. The subscription price of each volume is 20 francs (30 francs after publication); and only 100 copies will be printed besides those subscribed for. The first volume is announced for October of this year.

David Henry Cochran, president during thirty-five years of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, died in Brooklyn on October 4, in his eighty-second year. He was a graduate of Hamilton College, and an educator from the age of fifteen.

Edmond Kelly, lawyer, author, and lecturer, died at Nyack, N. Y., on October 4, aged fifty-eight years. He was a graduate of the college and of the law department of Columbia University, and was a master of arts of Cambridge, England. For thirty years from 1879 he made his home abroad, being for a part of that time counsel for the United States embassy at Paris, and, since 1907, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Kelly was a writer on legal subjects, more specifically the law of marriage, and Socialism.

Science.

The English Vegetable Garden: Written by Experts. The "Country Life" Library. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3 net.

No recent book gives so interesting a contrast between the systems of vegetable gardening practised in England and America. It is easy, of course, to point out where the English system is impracticable here. The long, open English winters resemble those south of Philadelphia, but the uncertain summers are scarcely American at all. Climatic conditions are therefore quite different, and methods cannot be the same in a country where tomatoes and sweet corn, started out of doors, give only the slightest yield. Again, economic conditions differ widely, for all directions in the book are for hand labor. The plough and cultivator are not mentioned. How could an American market gardener profit if his ground had to be worked by hand?

The English system of gardening therefore depends on hand labor and glass. Scarcely a crop is started in the open. Further, according to the apparent agreement of these experts, trenching is an essential to success. Now trenching—or the system of cultivation which turns the surface soil two or, if possible, three feet underground—is not an American practice. To begin with, the process is very costly. More or less according to its capacity for moisture, a cubic yard of earth will weigh approximately a ton. It takes time to turn it upside down, and skill to do the work properly, yet the finished surface is a very small portion of even the smallest garden. Again, the work is slow; few men can work at trenching at a time: they get in each other's way. Finally, trenching, even if for but two feet, results in bringing to the surface a foot of subsoil, to make which fertile means not only lavish applications of manure and fertilizer, but also at least a year of weathering and cultivation. The process, if practised in its purity in America at all, is used either in private gardens, where money is not spared, or by those fresh from the old sod.

From all this it will appear how great is the pains taken to grow vegetables in England. While we have abandoned the old system of plots and borders, and lay out our gardens in long straight rows; while we grow a few windbreaks or put up board fences, and trust to the constable to punish the boys, the English still lay out their gardens in squares, cut out deep alleys in order to make beds, build eight to twelve-foot brick walls, and even discuss the addition of ditches and thorn hedges. This is but the beginning; there is no saving of labor. For instance, the English

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gardeners appear to water constantly—and yet throughout the book cultivation seems to be advised merely for the purpose of killing weeds, not for conserving moisture.

One secret of these wide differences is neither in climatic nor economic conditions, but in the great number of English private estates, where vegetable gardens are matters of course, and a good one an object of local pride. Compared with the English we are still nomadic; we doubt if it pays to put much money in a garden which may be abandoned in a few years. But the typical Englishman who settles in the country follows as well as he can the example of the nobleman his neighbor. He expects to buy a vegetable garden with his place, or else he makes it for time, builds walls and plans "quarters" as his ancestors did, and conservatively shuns our innovation of long rows and dusty mulch.

This amount of private vegetable gardening greatly increases the knowledge of it and the repute in which the art is held. As a result, there are in England frequent exhibitions, of which we have but the slightest imitations, serious in our horticultural exhibitions, mere caricatures at our country fairs. The English vegetable gardener rises or falls, professionally, by the prizes that he takes—hence, in this book, the chapter on Vegetables for Exhibition, in which some of the directions are nothing short of amazing. Where in all America are holes made with the crowbar to the depth of three feet four inches (note the exactness of direction!) and rammed full of a sifted mixture of selected composts, all for the mere purpose of growing specimen carrots?

We do not, it is plain, garden as the English do; nor shall we, except after impossible changes, social, economic, and climatic. Nevertheless, we have as yet no reason to plume ourselves upon the perfection of our gardening, as an inspection of the average American home-garden will prove. An increase among us of exhibitions and horticultural societies is to be desired; they will improve our garden practices. Toward these ends a study of foreign methods is helpful, and of books upon the subject few are more direct and practical than the one under discussion. As with all books written by garden experts, we wish that the ignorance of the beginner were more constantly held in mind; yet from the careful methods here outlined the home-gardener can learn ways to lengthen his season. He should also find reason to lengthen his list of vegetables, by the addition of sea-kale, if of nothing else. There is even something to be learned from the English method of tillage; for trenching, if done little by little, adding, say, three inches a year to the depth of mellow soil, will greatly aid cultivation in bringing a garden through a drought, and in getting better crops. While not a guide to the American gardener, to the open-minded this will prove a suggestive book.

The study of the tropical marine fauna of our coasts has been so neglected that only recently a prominent scholar, speaking for American zoölogists, could say that we "know more of the life of the Red Sea than we do of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico." Yet we have at our very door a tropical fauna far surpassing in richness that available at the famous marine laboratory at Naples. A leading agency in making known this wealth of life is destined to be the marine laboratory on the Tortugas Islands, one of the projects supported by the Carnegie Institution. Since its establishment, in 1904, a number of important contributions embodying research work undertaken there have appeared, and there is now before us a collection of ten such papers constituting Volume I of "Papers from the Tortugas Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington." The list well illustrates the broad scope of the work of the station. Special interest attaches to the incomplete memoir on the pelagic Tunicata of the Gulf stream—the last work of the lamented William Keith Brooks. A study by Professor Brooks and B. McGlone, on the origin of the lung in Ampullaria affords an interesting illustration of the manner in which nature may utilize the material at hand for meeting a physiological need. This mollusc is semi-aquatic, and aside from the presence of a well-developed lung, seems closely related to marine forms. Study shows that the so-called lung is a modified gill and that, striking as is the resemblance, it is in no wise related to the lung of the land snails. Dr. Mayer amplifies his earlier work on the nervous control, and the effect of chemical stimuli on the rhythmic pulsation in Scyphomedusæ. He also contributes an interesting paper on the habits and the annual breeding-swarm of the Atlantic palolo-worm, a near relative of the famous edible "palolo" of Samoa. This swarming, which occurs principally within a single night in July, is independent of the rise and fall of the tide, but seems to occur only when moonlight falls upon the rocks. Dr. H. E. Jordan contributes three papers on cytology. That on spermatogenesis treats especially of the morphological and physiological individuality of the chromosomes, and presents additional evidence of a possible relation of the "accessory" chromosome to sex-determination. Professor Edwin Linton presents a detailed study of the intestinal parasites of fishes collected near the station, describing a number of new species. The volume concludes with a description of the peculiar variety of the flagellate protozoan, Anisonema vitrea. Each paper represents a distinct contribution in its field, and much credit is due the director, Dr. A. G. Mayer, who has been untiring in his efforts to develop and to make known the advantages of the station.

The Russian Ministry of Marine is equipping three expeditions to be sent out in the year 1910 to explore the coasts of the Arctic Ocean. One steamship will go from Vladivostok to find its way along the coast of Northeast Siberia from Bering Strait to the mouth of the Lena, and is to spend from three to four years in this task. A second expedition will visit the Taimyr peninsula for hydrographical and topographical investigations. The third expedition, which, like the last, starts from St. Petersburg early in 1910, will follow the land route to the Taimyr peninsula, and will study particularly the courses of the rivers and the geology, climate, and meteorology of the country, establishing local meteorological stations.

The death of Dr. George Edward Post, for many years head of the Medical College in Beirut, Syria, was announced in cable dispatches received September 29. He was born in New York city December 17, 1838, and was graduated from the New York Free Academy, now the College of the City of New York, in 1854. He was a graduate also of the medical department of the University of New York, and of the Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Post was the author of text-books in Arabic on botanical and biological subjects, and was the translator into that language of Butler's "Physiology" and other works. He was also the author of several books in the English language and was a contributor to various Bible dictionaries.

Medical Director Christopher James Cleborne, U. S. N., retired, who died in Washington October 2, was born in Edinburgh in 1838, and was educated in England and in the city of his birth. His medical training was finished, however, at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1860. Dr. Cleborne saw active service in the American civil war, and reached his ultimate rank of medical director in 1887. He has been on the retired list since 1899.

The death of Dr. Anthon Dohrn, founder and director of the biological station at Naples, was announced in a cablegram received at the Smithsonian Institute on September 30. Dr. Dohrn was born at Stettin, Germany, in 1840, and was a pupil of Haeckel in Jena. He founded, in 1870, the Naples biological station, the first institution of its kind, and even to-day one of the most important. Dr. Dohrn was an extensive writer on scientific subjects.

From Colombes comes the news of the death of Arnold Boscowitz, at the age of eighty-two. He was the author of "Tremblements de Terre" (*couronné par l'Académie Française*), and of "L'Âme de la Plante," a book which is said to have suggested to Darwin the writing of his monograph, "Insectiverous Plants." He was also a former writer for the *République Française*, the *Temps*, and other journals.

Drama.

The fifth volume of "A History of Theatrical Art," by Karl Mantzius (J. B. Lippincott Co.), treats "Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century," in Germany, France, and England. The book considers, for Germany, Caroline Neuber, Konrad Ekhof, Schröder, and Iffland; for France, Adrienne Lecouvreur and the School of Voltaire (*i. e.*, Clairon, Lekain, Dumesnil); for England, the Betterton Period, the Cibber Period, and especially, of course, David Garrick. The author tries to bind his material together by

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emphasizing in each country the trend in acting toward greater simplicity and naturalness, thus endeavoring to avoid the obvious criticism on most histories of acting, that they rather retail gossip about individuals than make clear the underlying literary or dramatic tendencies of which the actors were but the means, and the most apparent sign. On the other hand, the author hardly tries at all to make clear the effect of an actor of one nation on any actor or actress of another nation. Surely, something might be said on this point in connection with the friendship of Garrick with Lekain, Préville, and Mlle. Clairon. At moments, as when writing of Garrick's Shakespearean revivals, the author is independent and incisive, but as a rule he contents himself with summarizing accepted opinion. As a Dane he knows his German stage more intimately than the French or English; indeed, in treating the relations of the Restoration drama to its sources he shows entire ignorance of the recent research which has proved unsound the time-honored assumption that the Restoration drama is chiefly indebted to France. As an interesting, chatty conspectus the book will be useful to the casual reader; to the student of the stage it offers little save collocation of accepted opinion on the great names of three national stages. The book is freely illustrated with interesting portraits and scenes from plays. Unfortunately, in many cases, the author has had to copy, not originals, but reprints in current books. This, and the process used, too often produce a blurred result. The translation is uneven; usually it is competent, but at moments the pronouns squint badly. And what are a "genius in agitative," and "champagne-bubbling humor"?

Jerome K. Jerome's, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," which was played in this country for the first time on Monday evening in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, attracted a good deal of public attention in London, and will probably meet with success here. It bears a sort of family resemblance to Mr. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House,"—introducing a mystical divine figure to illustrate the potency of brotherly love and the spirit of mutual service—but is altogether inferior to that work in general significance and in literary and dramatic quality. In construction, it is a slipshod affair, consisting of a series of episodes, connected by a very flimsy thread of narrative, in which the various characters, constituting the peculiarly mean or vicious population of a third-rate boarding house, are first confronted and then converted by the *deus ex, machinâ,* around whom they revolve. It is a primitive arrangement, but the sentiments expressed if somewhat trite, are wholly admirable, while the general moral inculcated is unexceptionable. As a matter of fact, the piece is much more pretentious than it is impressive, the personages being conventional, the machinery conspicuous, and the humor, though often effective, somewhat obvious. But the general motive is sound and the central figure is played by Forbes Robertson with so much distinction of manner, with so much spiritual refinement, and with such persuasive eloquence, that the inferior workmanship does not count for much. He carries the representation through to success by the sheer force of his striking personality and genuine artistic illusion. The cordial reception extended to the representation is one more notable proof of the readiness of the New York public to appreciate and support plays of the most serious purpose, when adequately presented. Its reported preference for the indecent or the lunatical has very little foundation in fact.

Extensive preparations are being made in Berlin for the observance of Schiller's one hundred and fiftieth birthday, which falls on November 10. According to the present plan, a very elaborate programme, consisting in part of addresses and in part of dramatic performances, will be given a few days earlier, probably on November 5, and for this the most distinguished German and foreign actors, authors, and critics, having had to do with Schiller and his works, have been invited.

"Thaïs," a new play by Jean Richepin, will be staged this winter at the Théâtre Français.

Music.

The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do. By Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. 1908-1909. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

Berlioz, in his Memoirs, relates an anecdote which shows that Richard Strauss was by no means, as so many suppose, the first to demand a mammoth orchestra. One day Prince Metternich said to Berlioz: "Are you not the man, monsieur, who composes music for five hundred performers?" To which Berlioz replied: "Not always, monseigneur; I sometimes write for four hundred and fifty." In reality, he did demand sixteen trombones, sixteen trumpets, and other instruments in proportion, for his Requiem. In this he holds the record so far; but the course of orchestral evolution since his day has brought it about that if six or sixteen instruments of one kind are used in a score, they are likely to be called upon to play each a different melody, or part of the harmony; and this has given to symphonic music a complexity which few but professionals can unravel.

No doubt, just as one can enjoy a picture without knowing how the painter mixed his colors, so one can enjoy an orchestral piece without a knowledge of scoring, or even the ability to name the various instruments. The pleasure can, however, be made much more subtle and intense by familiarity with these things.

The object of Mr. Mason's little book is to assist concert-goers in recognizing the various orchestral instruments (pictures of which are provided), both by sight and by hearing, and to stimulate their perception of the thousand and one beauties of instrumental coloring. He calls it "a primer for concert-goers," and has written it in such a simple and clear style that the veriest tyro can understand and profit by it. On the other hand, there are many hints which will help even veterans by calling their attention to subtleties in orchestral coloring that may have escaped their attention. How, for instance, did Tchaikovsky secure the mysterious sombre effect at the opening of his "Pathetic" symphony? By scoring the music for double-basses in two divisions and bassoons in their low register. Dvorák, at the end of the slow movement of his "New World" symphony, secures a unique effect by writing a chord for double-basses alone, in four groups, one for each tone. There are thousands of such interesting details in the popular masterworks, and Mr. Mason calls attention to many of them, with illustrations in musical type. He advises even beginners to buy the cheap and handy orchestral scores which can now be obtained, read them before, during, and after the concerts at which they are played, and believes that there are few persons fond enough of music to attend orchestral concerts who would not find in a few months their powers of musical enjoyment doubled or trebled in this way.

Another aid to the appreciation of orchestral music consists in the descriptive programmes, which are distributed at most concerts. Deservedly famous among these have been for a long time the programme books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, bound volumes of which should be in every library, private or public. The volume for 1908-9 comprises more than 1,800 pages of reading matter, and all of it is worth perusing. The present editor, Philip Hale, provides historic and analytical articles on all the pieces played during the season, in which he avoids the mistake of writing technical details which are intelligible to those only who do not need them. Boston audiences evidently like to occupy their minds, even during the intermissions, and for this habit also ample provision is made in the form of literary "Entr'actes and Excursions." These are usually by Mr. Hale himself, but many are cited from newspapers and periodicals. In the present volume, one may find, among many other good things, articles on Liszt and the term "symphonic poem," the symphony before Haydn, Bülow's last letters, the drum, the legend of the Flying Dutchman, Goethe and music, Smetana's deafness, Hugo Wolf, music in Finland, Rubinstein's hard music and charity, etc. There is hardly a musical periodical which provides so much good miscellaneous reading matter as these programme books.

Among the compositions to be heard for the first time here at the concerts of the Russian Symphony Society will be Aren-

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sky's "Egyptian Suite" and variation for strings, Borodin's Unfinished Symphony, Balakireff's "Islamea" and Symphony No. 2, Glazunoff's Symphony No. 2 and "Chopiniana," Liadoff's "To Maeterlinck" suite and "Tales of Olden Times" ballade, Liapunoff's "Ballade," Musorgski's "Tableaux" suite, Rimsky-Korsakoff's Introduction to the Fairy Tale "Golden Hen," Scriabine's Symphony No. 2, and Tchaikovsky's Overture and Air de Ballet from "Voyevoda."

Among the novelties promised for this season by the Philharmonic are Debussy's three nocturnes, "Clouds," "Festivities," and "Sirens" (the last of these calling for a chorus of women's voices); Pfitzner's "Mährchen" overture and "L'Apprenti sorcier," and Gustav Mahler's Seventh Symphony, which has never been played in this country.

The Olive Mead Quartet, with its personnel unchanged, will give two recitals this season at Mendelssohn Hall. Heretofore their recitals have been given on Thursdays; but this year they will take place on Wednesday evenings; the first on December 1, the second on February 23.

Frederick Russell Burton died on September 30 at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. He was the writer of "Shifting Sands," "Her Wedding Interlude," "The Song and the Singer," "Strongheart," etc., and the composer of "Hiawatha," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "Songs of the Ojibway Indians," etc., and was a writer for the New York *Sun*. In the last issue of the *Nation* was announced his forthcoming "American Primitive Music," which was described as "probably the first detailed treatment of Indian music." Mr. Burton was forty-eight years old, and a graduate of Harvard College.

Art.

The late William J. Anderson's "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy," fourth edition revised and enlarged; is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. More than seventy collotype and other plates besides one-hundred-and-ten text illustrations make this one of the most useful manuals of its sort. The editor, Arthur Stratton, has done well perhaps to refrain from enlarging the text substantially—virtually a critical essay on the chief monuments. The book has become standard. Its limitations were most intelligently chosen. Personally we should be glad to find a word on Vitozzi's extraordinary elliptical dome at Vico in Piedmont. Such works attest a surprising vitality of the Roman tradition even in decadence. We feel also that one or two of the most perfect villa compositions, including gardens and terraces, might have been included. In fact it might have been well to trace briefly the growth of the dogma of *ensemble* which was most fully exemplified later and in France. Whether one likes to admit it or not, such compositions as the Villa d'Este and Versailles—to takes extremes—are among the most original expressions of modern architecture. It is almost the only idea we have worked out afresh. The pity is that the growth of the idea of *ensemble* corresponded with the decay of fine architectural craftsmanship. The past has refused us the desideratum of a personality including a Peruzzi and a Mansart; the future might conceivably produce it. The author's vindication of the essentially national and original nature of Italian Renaissance architecture has ceased to be novel. In view, however, of the persistence of a diffused Ruskinism, and of the constitutional incapacity of the plain man to realize that just fine proportions will make fine architecture, our author's moderate views retain their value. This volume is serviceable precisely because it enables a studious layman to see a class of fine but unappreciated monuments through the eyes of a cultured architect. In successive reprintings the bibliography has fallen discreditably behind the times.

"L'Art et les moeurs en France" (H. Laurens) is an octavo volume, with twenty-four inset plates, composed by a number of living French critics, and with a preface by André Michel of the Louvre Museum. Callot and the brothers Le Nain; the Huguenot Abraham Bosse, who threw so much light on the interiors of seventeenth-century homes; Watteau and Fragonard; Chardin and Bouchardon, painters of the *bourgeoisie;* moralizers as the Revolution approached like Greuze; street and portrait-painters of the Revolution; Gavarni and Daumier; Manet and Alfred Stevens, revealing the Second Empire; Fantin-Latour and his models of our time—pass in successive chapters.

To the thirty-four canvases by Rembrandt shown at the Metropolitan Museum's loan exhibition have now been added three more, purchased by Benjamin Altman from the collection of Maurice Kann, brother of that Rodolphe from whose collection came Mrs. Huntington's great Savant. The finest of the three is the Magdalena van Loo, The Woman with a Red Pink, long in the possession of the d'Oultremont family in Brussels, which Dr. Bode, the accepted authority on Rembrandt's works, places in the 1622-5 period and describes thus:

The woman with the pink with her dreamy eyes and sympathetically thoughtful expression, in the splendor of luminous red, the masterly modelling of her face, her magnificent parure of pearls and diamonds, the full warm light concentrated on her head, but casting magical reflections into the surrounding shadow, may be fairly called one of the most beautiful of Rembrandt's female portraits.

This Magdalena was the wife as well as cousin of Titus van Ryn, Saskia's son, and Titus is believed to be the original of The Man with a Magnifying Glass, which, with The Auctioneer, is also lent by Mr. Altman.

The Graphische Gesellschaft is to issue, with a short text, an exact reproduction of the so-called "Tarocchi." The aim of the fifteenth century artist in this series of Italian copper engravings was to convey instruction in his representations of the various ranks and conditions of human life, and, no less, to afford delight to the amateur. In fact, two series exist, and their relation is disputed; it is proposed to reproduce both, side by side, by heliogravure, in the exact size of the originals. There will, then, be one hundred reproductions on fifty plates; and the price is fixed at £3 per copy (boards). The work is promised for 1910. After publication the price is to be £5.

Otto Henry Bacher, a fellow student of Whistler, and an artist and illustrator, whose death has just been announced, was born at Cleveland, O., March 31, 1856, and secured his artistic education in Munich and Paris. He recently published an account of his residence, "With Whistler in Venice," and etchings made by him of scenes in that city and in Bavaria earned for him a considerable reputation. He was a member of the English Society of Illustrators, Painters, and Etchers, and of the American National Academy.

Jules Adeline, the Rouennais etcher, whose death at the age of sixty-four years has been recently reported, was a pupil of Henri Somm. M. Adeline was an accomplished writer as well as an artist. Another French artist whose death has been announced is Louis Courtat, a pupil of Cabanel, and chiefly known for his religious paintings and his portraits. One of his best portraits, that of Mlle. George, hangs in the foyer of the Odéon.

Finance.

THE RISE IN THE STEEL SHARES.

During several months, but especially during the fortnight past, the Stock Exchange has been witnessing what was in some ways one of the most extraordinary movements in the price of a single stock that Wall Street history has presented. Last Monday, the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation sold at 94⅞. Its highest price of the preceding week had been 92⅞; of the week before that, 86¼; of the week before that, 84¼, and of the week before that, 80⅜, and each of these figures had established a new top price in the history of the stock, whose highest price, indeed, up to a year ago, was 55. During the six business days of last week, more than one hundred and fifty separate stocks were dealt in on the Stock Exchange; but out of the total number of shares (5,260,000) which changed hands, or were represented as having changed hands, more than one-fifth, or 1,200,000, were shares of "Steel common." In the preceding week, something like one-fifth of the aggregate sales of shares were again made up of "Steel common"; the week before the percentage was also one-fifth.

In the second week of August—the week of the "segregation rumors"—when it was commonly said that Union Pacific made up the whole of the market, the sales of Union Pacific stock were less than one-tenth the total number of shares of all stocks dealt in. In the culminating week of Wall Street's famous "big time" in 1901, when the speculating public went wild to a degree never witnessed before or afterward in our history, when their excited buying converged on the Steel shares

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as on no others, and when a $25,000,000 "underwriting syndicate" was notoriously manipulating those shares for "distribution" purposes, transactions in "Steel common" constituted scarcely one-tenth of the total, and the average daily trading in the stock was close to the daily record reported this present week. The simple spectator may be pardoned, then, for asking what has actually happened in the case of "Steel." Who is it that is rushing so impetuously into Wall Street to "buy Steel," causing the tape repeatedly to record the sale, in single blocks, of 4,000 or 5,000 shares? What sudden accession of earning power has come to light, as a result of which the common stock of the company is worth 60 per cent. more than it was in any of the eight years of its history, up to 1909?

These are legitimate questions. Usually, when so spectacular a display occurs in Wall Street, one of three explanations is forthcoming. Earnings, published and seen by every one, may have increased at a pace remarkable enough to guarantee large increase in dividends, as in the case of Union Pacific's rise from 138 to 195 in 1906. A valuable part of a company's property, hitherto unproductive, may suddenly have been made subject of a "deal" of which shareholders got the benefit—which was the cause of Great Northern's rise from 275 to 348 in the same year. Or, as a third possibility, a contest for control of the property, regardless of the price, may have been in progress, such as sent up the price of Northern Pacific stock, in three months of 1901, from 77 to 1,000.

None of these three explanations applies, so far as the investing public has any information, to the movement in "Steel common." Its trade is admittedly reviving rapidly; but its latest quarterly report, the most favorable submitted since the panic, showed net earnings less by 50 per cent. than in the corresponding quarter before the panic of 1907. It has no property for disposal; its assets are manufacturing plants which it needs for its own business. The "contest for control," if it can so be called, is believed by Wall Street to have occurred and to have been terminated during the panic of 1907, when the interest now dominant in the company's affairs apparently picked up at bottom prices the Steel shares thrown over bodily in their hour of individual distress by the interests then controlling. The explanation of the present market, therefore, still remains to be discovered.

It is on this absence of any visible and legitimate cause for the remarkable movement of prices that the bewilderment of some observers, the admiration of others, and the skepticism of still others, are based. Such feelings are at least in some degree emphasized by what must frankly be declared to be universal disbelief that Steel shares have actually been bought and sold, in the usual acceptation of those words, in any such quantity as the ticker seems to testify. The notion that, when the tape records such transactions, immensely wealthy men are buying a stock to hold, out of their private fortunes, was shattered once for all by the disclosures after the markets of 1901. The idea that foreign capitalists are buying, regardless of the price, has to meet the fact that an effort to get the stock floated on the official Paris market, clearly for such purposes, failed this summer through the French government's refusal of the "listing."

There would apparently be left the theory that earnings so prodigious, and dividends so great, as to justify the present abnormal prices, are in the not very distant prospect, and that there are people ready to carry an immense and increasingly expensive burden on the basis of borrowed money. It is a fact that the present activity in the country's steel and iron trade, so far as concerns the volume of production, is to-day at the maximum of its history. But the same thing could have been said of the industry in 1906, when "Steel common" was paying 2 per cent. annual dividends and the stock was selling between 32 and 50, and in 1895, when the sudden replenishing of supplies, a familiar incident in the first recovery from the distrust and enforced economy of every great financial crisis, brought iron production to a maximum never before attained, and not attained again for nearly two years. In other words, this argument is based on expectation, not certainty, and it does not in the least explain why such belief should have been adopted overnight, as it were, after half a dozen years of continued disbelief. These are the factors thus far in view in a very extraordinary Stock Exchange operation, regarded by the majority of experienced men with a mixture of feelings, in which distrust of the resultant state of the stock market certainly has a part. It is scarcely strange that when, on Tuesday of this week, "Steel common" suddenly broke 4 points on heavy realizing sales, a shiver of apprehension should have spread through the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, D. S. A Political History of the State of New York. Vol. III. 1861-1882. Holt & Co.

Altsheler, J. A. The Three Rangers; The Last of the Chiefs. Appleton. $1.50 each.

Annual Report of the State Geologist. 1908. Trenton, N. J.: State Geologist.

Bailey, L. H. The Training of Farmers. Century Co. $1 net.

Baker, E. A. The Girls of Fairmount. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Bangs, J. K. The Real Thing, and Three Other Farces. Harpers. $1.

Barbour, R. H. Double Play. Appleton. $1.50.

Bellamy, W. More Charades. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Broughton, Lord. Recollections of a Long Life. 2 vols. Scribner. $6 net.

Brown, A. F., and Bell, J. M. Tales of the Red Children. Appleton. $1.

Caird, E. Essays on Literature. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Call, A. P. Nerves and Common Sense. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25 net.

Camp, W. Jack Hall at Yale: a Football Story. Appleton. $1.50.

Carey, R. N. The Key of the Unknown. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Cæsar: The Gallic War. Books I-VII. Edited by A. L. Hodges. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Cesaresco, M. The Place of Animals in Human Thought. Scribner. $3 net.

Chesterton, G. K. George Bernard Shaw. Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Clarke, W. N. Sixty Years with the Bible. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Cole, M. E. G. Essays. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Costello, F. H. Sure-Dart: a Story of Hunters and Game in the Days of Monsters. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.

Cotes, H. The Counterpart. Macaulay Co. $1.50.

Crayon, D., Jr. The Return of the Half Moon. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Deeping, W. The Red Saint. Cassell & Co.

Denslow, W. W. When I Grow Up. Century Co. $1 net.

Douglas, A. M. A Little Girl in Old Pittsburg. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Dunn-Pattison, R. P. Napoleon's Marshals. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.

Dyer, F. H. Compendium of the War of the Rebellion. Des Moines, Ia.: Dyer Pub. Co. $10 net.

Eastman, C. A., and E. G. Wigwam Evenings. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

Elson, H. W. Star-Gazer's Hand-Book. Sturgis & Walton. 50 cents.

Fairfax, T. Poems by E. B. Reed. New Haven, Conn.: Yale Univ.

Fielding, H. Pocket edition of wise sayings and passages. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press.

France, A. The White Stone. Translation by C. E. Roche. Lane Co. $2.

Fuller, H. B. The Speakers of the House. Boston: Little, Brown. $2 net.

Furlong, C. W. The Gateway to the Sahara: Observations and Experiences in Tripoli. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Glover, T. R. The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire. Scribner. $2.50 net.

Godfrey, H. For the Norton Name. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.25.

Goldberg, R. L. Foolish Questions. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Goodwin, M. W. Veronica Playfair. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Great Hymns of the Middle Ages. Compiled by E. W. Brainerd. Century Co.

Gribble, F. Chateaubriand and His Court of Women. Scribner. $3.75 net.

Guthrie, A. Letters from France and Italy. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Hall, E. C. The Land of Long Ago. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.

Handel, G. F. The Messiah. Edited with accompaniments revised by P. Goetschius. Ditson. 75 cents.

Harding, A. R. Wolf and Coyote Trapping. Columbus, O.: A. R. Harding Pub. Co.

Harrison, E. O. Ladder of Moonlight; Cotton Myth; The Mocking Bird; Sunrise and Sunset; Polar Star; Aurora Borealis. 3 vols. Chicago: McClurg.

Hayens, H. The Red Caps of Lyons: a Story of the French Revolution. Appleton. $1.50.

Hird, Frank. The Deeper Stain. Appleton. $1.50.

Hodges, G. The Garden of Eden: Stories from the First Nine Books of the Old Testament. Houghton Mifflin.

Holland, R. S. The Man in the Tower. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.

Hubbard, H. L. Summing It Up: a Treatise on Conditions of the Present Time. Ogilvie. 50 cents.

Hutchinson, F. K. Motoring in the Balkans. McClurg. $2.75 net.

Johns, C. Essentials of Pianoforte Playing. Ditson. $1.50.

Johnson, E. R. Elements of Transportation. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Jones, H. F. Diversions in Sicily. Scribner. $1.25 net.

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Kimball, S. I. Joshua James, Life Saver. Boston: Amer. Unitarian Assn. 60 cents net.
Kreps, E. Science of Trapping. Columbus, O.: A. R. Harding Pub. Co.
Ledona, L. V. Yzdra: a Tragedy in Three Acts. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lillibridge, W. The Dominant Dollar. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.
Lincoln, J. T. The City of the Dinner-Pail. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Lipps, O. H. The Navajos. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press. $1 net.
Lounsbury, T. R. English Spelling and Spelling Reform. Harper. $1.50 net.
Lowell, J. R. The Courtin'. Set to Pictures by A. I. Keller. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. Phœbe Deane. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
McCarthy, D. A. A Round of Rimes. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Macdonald, G. At the Back of the North Wind. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50.
Macdonald, W. Dry-Farming, Its Principles and Practice. Century Co. $1.20 net.
McElroy, J. The Struggle for Missouri. Washington, D. C.: National Tribune Co. $2.
Mackenzie, M. Hegel's Educational Theory and Practice. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Mario, J. W. The Birth of Modern Italy. Posthumous Papers of Jessie White Mario. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Marriott, C. When a Woman Woos. Lane Co. $1.50.
Marvin, F. R. A Book of Quatrains. Boston; Sherman, French. $1 net.
Maxwell, W. B. Seymour Charlton. Appleton. $1.50.
Monroe, H. E. Washington, Its Sights and Insights. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Moody, W. V. The Great Divide; a Play in Three Acts. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Morse, A. E. The Federalist Party in Massachusetts to the Year 1800. Princeton (N. J.) University Library. $2 net.
Moses, B. Louisa May Alcott. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Muirhead, J. H. By What Authority? The Principles in Common and at Issue in the Reports of the Poor Law Committee. London: P. S. King & Son.
Ninety-third Annual Report of the Amer. Bible Society, 1909. New York.
Orczy, Baroness. The Man in the Corner. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Parker, G. F. Recollections of Grover Cleveland. Century Co. $3 net.
Patriarche, V. J. Tag; or the Chien Boule Dog. Boston: Page & Co.
Plehn, C. C. Introduction to Public Finance. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Post, E. The Title Market. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Rees, F. B. The Adventures of Little Knight Brave. Appleton. $1.50.
Renninger, E. D. The Story of Rustem and other Persian Hero Tales from Firdusi. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Richards, L. E. Florence Nightingale. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Rowland, E. H. The Right to Believe. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Rowland, H. C. Germaine. Lane. $1.50.
Ryan, M. A. The Flute of the Gods. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Select Essays in Anglo-American Legal History. By various authors. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown. $12 set, net.
Select Orations, Illustrating Amer. Political History. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Shaw, A. Political Problems of American Development. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Smith, G. When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. Harper. $1.30 net.
Staley, E. Famous Women of Florence. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Stedman, E. C. Edgar Allan Poe. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: The Torch Press.
Stoddard, F. J. As Old as the Moon: Cuban Legends. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Stratz, R. Where Snow Is Sovereign. Translated from the German by M. J. Safford. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Sudermann, H. Roses: Four One-Act Plays. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Sutcliffe, H. Priscilla of the Good Intent. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Syrett, N. Anne Page. Lane. $1.50.
Tales of Wonder: a Fourth Fairy Book. Edited by K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith. Doubleday, Page.
The Art Connected with Building. Lectures delivered at Carpenters Hall, London Wall, for the Carpenters' Company. Scribner. $2 net.
The Wayfarer in New York. Introduction by E. S. Martin. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thomas, Calvin. Anthology of German Literature. Heath. $2.25.
Unwin, G. The Gilds and Companies of London. Scribner. $2 net.
Upson, A. Collected Poems. Edited, with an introduction by R. Burton. 2 vols. Minneapolis, Minn.: E. D. Brooks.
Vachell, H. A. The Paladin. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Verplanck, V. E. A Year in My Garden. Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.: Mrs. W. E. Verplanck. $1.
Watson, H. B. M. The Castle by the Sea. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Webster's New International Dictionary: the Latest Authentic Edition of the Merriam Series. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.
Weikel, A. H. Betty Baird's Golden Year. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Wells, C. Marjorie's New Friend. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
White, E. O. The Wares of Edgefield. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Williams, H. N. A Rose of Savoy: Marie Adélaïde of Savoy, Duchesse de Bourgogne, Mother of Louis XV. Scribner. $3.50 net.
Wise, B. R. The Commonwealth of Australia. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
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